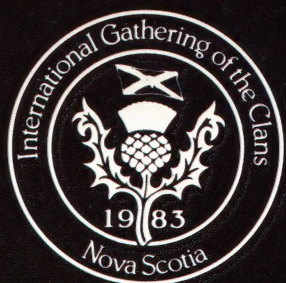


SUMMER 1983

# cíad míle fáilte

international gathering of the clans  
nova scotia • 1983

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OFFICIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM  
PUBLISHED BY ATLANTIC INSIGHT





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# Welcome!



From Gordon Archibald,  
Chairman of the Scottish Societies  
Association of Nova Scotia

Once again it is my privilege and pleasure, on behalf  
of the Scottish Societies Association of Nova Scotia,  
to welcome Scots and friends of the Scots to  
Nova Scotia in 1983.

This is the second time that we have been privileged  
to host the Gathering of the Clans — the initial  
occasion was 1979 — and we look forward to similar  
Scottish Gatherings in 1987 and '91.

The history of the province of Nova Scotia is unique  
and the part the Scots have taken in developing this  
province has been great indeed. Universities, business  
organizations, churches and organizations of all types  
have benefited by the leadership provided by persons  
whose ancestors were Scottish.

And so to all who have come to Nova Scotia to  
celebrate the Gathering of the Scots and to visit with  
us during this memorable year — welcome, enjoy  
your stay with us, plan to return and thank  
you for coming.



"There's no gathering like *the* gathering," says editor  
Harry Bruce in his introduction to this program and historical  
supplement to the Gathering of the Clans 1983. He's right.

This is the second time that Nova Scotia has acted as  
host to visiting Scots from around the world (and many  
closer to home). It's the first time, however, that we who  
produce *Atlantic Insight*, the regional magazine of Atlantic  
Canada, have played a part in it.

We hope the stories in this booklet add to your enjoy-  
ment of the festival as well as to your understanding of the  
Highland heart in Nova Scotia.

**Marilyn MacDonald**



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# The auld acquaintanceship goes back centuries

## And it's not forgot

**T**he good ship *Hector* was actually a tubby, wallowing old Dutch vessel, so rotten her agonized passengers could pull chunks of spongy wood from her planking and, on her most historic voyage, the people aboard were fewer than 200 Scottish Presbyterian Highlanders, wives and children. Eighteen died at sea, and when the survivors at last got a look at the Nova Scotia forest where their promised "farms" were supposed to be, some just sat down and wept, and others moved on to settled parts of the province.

In the story of Scottish settlement in Canada, the *Hector* is Nova Scotia's own *Mayflower*, and anyone who can claim an ancestor who arrived aboard her at Pictou in 1773 is entitled to the sort of clout in society that descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers claim in the United States.

The *Hector* land and was demned Pictou

returned to Scotland promptly but, so far as County was concerned, her place in history was secure. The

popular legend insists that her last west-bound voyage was not merely the beginning of the town of Pictou but also the beginning of that whole extraordinary influx of tough, thrifty, self-sacrificing Scottish Horatio Algiers who dominated much of the business history of the United States and, for a time, seemed almost to be running Canada.

Neither of these beginnings is entirely true. A handful of competent Philadelphians arrived at Pictou six years before the *Hector*, and these people not only greeted the Highlanders in '73 but were also obliged to help them avoid starving to death. Not only that, the *Hector* people were not the first Scottish settlers in North America, nor even in what is now Canada. The *Hector* had herself unloaded Scottish immigrants in Boston in 1770. Moreover, 300 Highland soldiers, who'd fought at Louisbourg and Quebec under commander James Wolfe, settled in Quebec in 1763, and another 300 Highland settlers arrived at Prince Edward Island in 1772.

Still, the *Hector's* voyage was significant and there could scarcely be a better place than Pictou for paying homage to North America's early Scottish settlers. In the 75 years following her arrival here, roughly 120 other ships dropped nearly 10,000 families and single men on Pic-

tou's shore. Nearly all of these people were Scottish Highlanders and Lowlanders. As Pictou County filled up with Presbyterians, new arrivals, including thousands of Highland Catholics, flowed east to available land in what is now Antigonish County, and still further east to Cape Breton Island. There, the Gaelic is still studied and spoken. Some Cape Breton Scots put their own slant on this story. They'll tell you that it was only the hardest Scots who had the strength to make the trek to Cape Breton. Weaker immigrants stayed behind on the mainland. Such suggestions don't bother Pictou; it is quite possibly the proudest county in the country.

But what started the great surge across the Atlantic? On April 16, 1746, William, Duke of Cumberland, son of King George II, unleashed overwhelmingly superior firepower on Bonnie Prince Charlie's Highland warriors, and wiped them away. Gore followed gore. The crushing of the clan system, crop failures, a local population increase, cruelty to Catholics, the expulsion of unprofitable tenants in favor of profitable sheep, misery at home and enticements abroad all inspired hordes of Scots to sail away forever. "Then up among the lakes and seas," Burns wrote, "they'll mak what rules an' laws they please." They did. But they also remembered Charlie so well that the spirit of the Jacobite cause became a racial inheritance. Like him, they were exiles.

They remembered faces on the shore, the hills of home. Their heartbreak inspired a plaintive branch of literature, a poetry of homesickness that so mourned a lost land of gloom that it struck those from sunnier cultures as perverse, like

Beginning of an extraordinary influx of tough, thrifty Scots



N.S. TOURISM



the love of haggis. "In the absence of home-sickness," Robert Lynd wrote, "man is but a prodigal, glad to be allowed to live on the husks, without memory of his father's home."

By 1879, more than 93% of Pictou County's rural property owners had Scottish names and, as late as 1954, a study showed that those of Scottish descent still accounted for 60% of the county's population. And they, of course, were only the ones who'd stayed. Since 1900, economic circumstances have been driving roughly half of every generation out of the county. The going-down-the-road has been under way for a long time. Canada's population multiplied sixfold in the past century, Pictou's by only a third. Just as their ancestors missed Scotland, tens upon thousands of expatriate Nova Scotia Scots have yearned for their own homeland.

For those who stayed, one pleasure of this year's summer-long binge of Highland and Lowland sentiment will be the skirling, marching, dancing, kilt-swinging, elbow-bending welcome they'll give to every mother's son and daughter of a Nova Scotia Scot who comes home for the celebrations. The homecomers could include some highly distinguished Canadians. By 1914, Pictou County alone had produced 300 clergymen, 190

medical doctors, 63 lawyers, 40 professors, 26 missionaries, eight college presidents, four judges, two lieutenant governors, two provincial premiers, a chief justice, innumerable politicians, scientists, business leaders and journalists.

Stockbrokers, air aces, bank presidents, industrialists, physicists, anthropologists, cabinet ministers, songwriters, entertainers, the county has churned them all out as consistently as it once brought ships' masts out of the woods and coal out of the ground. "These worthies," Rev. J.P. MacPhie decided, "afford a cheering assurance that our Dominion's destiny is to excel in all which makes a nation's truest life — purposeful culture, guided by sanctified conscience." Moreover, MacPhie added with smug piety, "one does not have to apologize for blots and stains in their lives, as an American must do for Poe, an Englishman for Byron, or a Scotsman for Burns." The notable emigrants lived and died from the Yukon to the South Seas, and the main current in the ceaseless brain drain from Nova Scotia to the rest of Canada has been the flow of Nova Scotia Scots.

Thousands are answering yes this summer to, "Will ye no come back again?" Down home, they'll mingle with Scots from Scotland, Scots from all over

North America, Scots from as far away as New Zealand and, of course, the Scots they left behind them in every county of Nova Scotia.



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## There's no gathering like *the* gathering

*Stand back. The Scots are coming, from around the world*

**O**nce again, it's Nova Scotia's turn to throw the world's biggest recurring family party. In 1979, The International Gathering of the Clans drew to "New Scotland" roughly 50,000 Scots, descendants of Scots, in-laws of Scots, and friends of Scots; and that was merely the first time the province was host to this sunny celebration of Scottish traditions, culture, and ties that warmly bind. The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 is Nova Scotia's second crack at it and, with the first one under our belt, it promises to be even better.

For generations, people of Scottish blood have been getting together at celebrations all over the world to honor their heritage and renew friendships, but it is only in Scotland and Nova Scotia that these more-or-less official, international,

kilted wing-dings occur. The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, chief of the Bruces and no stranger to Nova Scotia, became chairman of the International Gathering of the Clans Trust in 1975; and in May of 1977 Edinburgh was host to the first, official, worldwide clan gathering. At the time, Lord Elgin recalled "whisking back and forth across the face of the world, from one particularly Scottish event to another... [The events] had a stimulating effect on all who joined in, whether it was a gathering or games, dance or dinner, to think and talk of family and places in far-off Scotland. Such personal links are the cherished pleasure of countless thousands all over an increasingly impersonal world. *The International Gathering is called to enhance these personal attachments.*"

Nova Scotians approached Lord Elgin and his committee in 1977, and out of their talks came an agreement that Scotland and Nova Scotia would take turns as hosts of international gatherings every two years. The gatherings thus occurred here in 1979, in Scotland again in 1981; and now, back here in '83, we can expect a solid seven weeks of Scottish enhancement of personal attachments in an impersonal world.

For if the Scots are "an extended family," the International Gathering of the Clans 1983 is an extended celebration. It's definitely not a one-weekend event. It formally opens on June 27 at the spectacular Nova Scotia Tattoo in Halifax, and closes on August 20 at the Gaelic College, St. Anns, Cape Breton; but between these dates visitors will find *ceilidhs*, festivals, concerts, Highland games, and assorted indoor and outdoor Scottish bashes from one end of the province to the other.

Some of these events are big and old. The Antigonish Highland Games, for instance, with 1,500 competitors this year, has been a highlight of summers in eastern Nova Scotia since before the Confed-





eration of Canada in 1867. Other events are young and small, but nevertheless traditional in style and big-hearted in atmosphere. Still others, though as Scottish as a Burns Night Supper in Glasgow, have a decidedly Nova Scotian flavor. You get a lobster dinner with bagpipe accompaniment at the Pugwash Gathering of the Clans; and the concert at St. Joseph du Moine, Cape Breton, marries Highland Gaelic Music to Acadian music. Judique's "On the Floor Days" takes its name from a time when the hard-fighting, hard-muscled men of that Cape Breton village challenged other men by barging in on a dance and shouting, "Judique on the floor." Judique's Scottish festival is more peaceful these days, but no less lively.

But what makes this summer different from most Nova Scotia summers is, of course, the clans. The bigger Nova Scotian clan societies have timed their get-togethers so visiting clan members may enjoy community festivals, but some societies are happy simply to guarantee a chance for conversation and pressing the flesh at open houses, suppers and picnics. The mighty Keiths, and

the many families associated with them, plan a whole week (July 28-Aug. 3) of activities. Indeed, the Nova Scotian Keiths expect Clan Keith Week "will be the largest gathering of our worldwide family since 1715 and 1745." All in all, at least 50 clan groups in Nova Scotia expect to welcome fellow clansmen and clanswomen "from away" at gatherings of one sort or another.

It'll be a summer of fiddling, piping, dancing, drumming, marching, singing, running, hurling, clan parliaments and clan picnics. Clan will challenge clan in tug-of-war battles. Oxen will challenge oxen in pulling contests, and horses challenge horses. MacNeils will unveil a cairn in honor of the pioneer MacNeils in Cape Breton, and MacLellans will unveil a cairn in honor of early MacLellans. There'll be balls, regattas, theatre, haggis, salmon, chicken barbecues, strawberry festivals, blueberry orgies, bean suppers, church suppers, church services, cruises, kilted golf, the crowning of beauty queens, speeches, toasts, replies to the toasts, more speeches, wind from the politicians, wind off the sea and, generally speaking, more excuses to flash

the family tartan than you're likely to find in a quarter-century of Burns Night Suppers.

You do not, of course, need Scottish blood to enjoy yourself in Nova Scotia this summer. The province is hospitable, and even non-Scots may find themselves treated as long-lost clansmen. True Scots believe not just in clans, but in the family of humankind. Still, if it has ever crossed your mind that massed pipe bands do not make the most beautiful sound that man has ever created, you might be better off somewhere else this summer. Meanwhile, the rest of us will be gathering in "New Scotland."







# Summer

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## The birth of "New Scotland": A mite premature

*There was nothing wrong with Sir William Alexander's colony of Scots that support from England might not have fixed. As things turned out, it was just born a century and a half too soon*

**T**he morning mist still clings to the shoreline of the Annapolis Basin, and an ocean-going ketch rests in the headwaters. She's been anchored there most of the night. Six men disembarked in a scow an hour ago and they're now ashore. The leader, a tall, athletic-looking man, takes a small parchment from his satchel and gently intones, "This land I do claim for His Majesty, Charles of England, and the Kingdom of Scotland in the year of Our Lord, 1629. So say I, William Alexander?"

Was this really how the first Scottish settlement of Acadia began? Actually, we'll never know. Documentary material is just not good enough to tell us exactly how many were in "Sir Willie's" landing party, or exactly where the King's Standard was first raised. But to the Scots of Annapolis Royal, none of this matters. For three summers now, they've been staging their version of the founding of "New Scotland," replete with 17th-

century plumage. This year they'll put away the costumes in favor of a more staid ceremony of lectures and presentations, but according to commemorations committee member Stuart Brown, not an ounce of feeling will be lost. "The Commemoration is very important to us," he says. "Annapolis Royal is the site of the first Scottish landing in North America."

But a glance at the Acadian career of Sir William Alexander makes you wonder why anyone would want to commemorate his arrival. In the spring of 1629, Alexander deposited "seventy men and two women" near the French settlement of Port Royal, then sent his ship back to Scotland for additional supplies and colonists. That summer, he built a fort, in which he planned to house and feed everyone through the winter. But his ship never returned, and by 1630, 30 colonists were dead while the rest lay sick or dying. For two years, the survivors limped along on the generosity of the

local French and Indians, getting only the occasional shipment from home. This wasn't the strongest beginning for an overseas empire and in 1632 Charles I, bored with the New World and preoccupied with domestic troubles, handed Acadia over to the French and ordered the Scots back home. Sir William died in 1638, while trying to establish a settlement in New England.

Except for the fort, now called Charles Fort, Alexander left nothing in the Annapolis area, not even a grave stone. Most residents of Annapolis Royal today are of Loyalist and pre-Loyalist stock. Even Stuart Brown admits that Alexander's unhappy experience is only fleeting color in the history of the area. He argues, however, that although Alexander failed to colonize Acadia, that first expedition introduced a wild new land to Scottish heritage and civilization, and a dream of cultural unity.

"There are 324 Scottish families in the Annapolis area," Brown says. "All are descended from Scots who moved into the area in the 18th century, or from regimental soldiers. But we're proud to reside so close to the first Scottish landing in North America. Alexander brought with him traditions Nova Scotians can understand today."

Indeed, the very name "Nova Scotia" arose from discussions between King James I and the Earl of Stirling (Alexander's father) in 1621 on the phi-





*My Father gave me hands  
to fashion memories.  
We carved our visions free  
from branches that we  
cut from trees.  
My Mother is my heart  
She taught me how to see  
Riddles in an aging book  
And how to feel in poetry.  
Hello, ancient eyes  
Do you miss a smile.  
So many miles away  
Good to hear your voice  
again  
Father, my closest friend  
Mother, my dearest friend  
It's so good to hear your  
voice again.*



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losophy of overseas expansion. Stirling believed that to get Scots to go to North America, England would have to grant them their own realm. James finally agreed and in 1622 made Stirling Lord Proprietor of the "Subject Realm of New Scotland," which included what are now the Maritime provinces and the Gaspé peninsula. Stirling immediately tried to create a system of landholding, dividing the country into 150 baronets, each to be run by a wealthy landowner and worked by tenant farmers. He also set rigid controls on population and production to facilitate the management of the realm. Satisfied with Stirling's plans for a New World Scottish civilization, King James granted armorial bearings to Nova Scotia in 1626.

Despite William Alexander's failure in 1629, something of the intense plans for Scotland's overseas realm impressed itself on the history of the province. The coat of arms bearing the unicorn, thistle and Indian has stayed essentially the same all these years; Stirling's system of landholding, though never fully implemented, was used in the 18th and 19th centuries as a pattern for county organization; and the resettlement of the province by Scottish settlers has been so extensive it would have made Alexander proud.

This summer marks the fourth consecutive Commemoration at Annapolis Royal. The ceremony, accompanied by a pipe band, will occur on the mornings of July 29, 30, 31 and August 1 at the base of Charles Fort. As long as there are Scots in the Annapolis Valley, Sir William and his doomed expedition will be remembered. But don't bother asking the local Nova Scotian Scots what that abortive settlement did for the region. They'll just grimace and tell you to look around.

— Alexander Bruce





# Straight from the (Highland) heart

*A drama about love in Cape Breton opens in Halifax, July 4*

**W**hen the Gaelic-speaking peoples of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland left their homeland to settle in Cape Breton at the beginning of the last century, they found a land unlike the one they had left. Their songs tell of the "tall forest shutting out the sky." But the farms they wrested from the forested soil were their own — no lairds controlled their lives in this new land.

In 1774, only about 1,000 people lived on Cape Breton, with no more than a dozen Scots among them. By 1838, the island's population had risen to 35,420 — most of whom were Scots. Dozens of small, isolated communities sprang up along the shores of the Bras d'Or Lakes.

to represent Nova Scotia at the National Multicultural Theatre Festival and the International Amateur Theatre Festival. Produced under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Drama League, the play will run in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium of the Dalhousie Arts Centre in Halifax, from July 4 to 9, as part of the 1983 International Gathering of the Clans.

Genni Archibald recalls the first production of *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*, which she directed. She first visited the Iona area, took part in a milling frolic (where women soften the bolts of cloth from the family looms), listened to Gaelic songs and chatted with people in their homes.

Scenes are set in a fair, a church, and other community centres. The play has a timeless quality, recalling Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, with the same simplicity of setting and props. And the music of the Scots in their many moods weaves a skein of melody around the action.

Linda Moore is directing the 1983 production of the play. "The task of creating a bustling community [rests] squarely on the shoulders of the actors," she says. "But it's a joyful task, for the play is alive with humorous anecdotes and an array of colorful characters."

Margaret MacLean and Murdoch MacNeil occupy centre stage, moving back into the time when they were children, and then forward again into the period before the First World War. Around them swirl Flora the Rat, Raggedy Ann, Black Dan, Holy Angus, Big Sarah and Old Betsy who is blessed (or cursed) with the second sight. At the end, Murdoch departs to join a new regiment, "The Breed o' Manly Men."

The clan members feud with each other. Then into this little community comes the Girl from Philadelphia, turning the heads of all the men, acting as a harbinger of change that will sweep through Washabuckt and transform it.

As Linda Moore says: "*The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia* is a human celebration of the joys and sorrows of the Scots, forced through the Highland clearances from their ancestral homes. Cape Breton to them was like a lost love and there they struggled with the rugged landscape and poverty to establish new roots, never losing touch with their rough humor, their sense of ritual and tradition, and keeping the call of the pipes in their hearts."

At the beginning and the end of the play, Murdoch MacNeil sings of Cape Breton, "the land of my love... the home for me — O loveliest land in all the wide world."

The play opens a window on a community founded on love, on a way of life long vanished. Even though the people of Washabuckt fought and squabbled, and knew real anguish, suffering and violence, it did not stunt their humanity. They developed a sense of belonging and security. And the safety and isolation of their world was shattered as the outside world broke in on them. But even before this happened, those with the second sight could see the shadows of the future moving across the land.

*The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*, says Linda Moore is about "the loss of innocence."

Yet in it, the people of Washabuckt reach out across space and time and embrace the audience. The power of Don Wetmore's words puts us in touch with a vanished way of life, one that left behind it a legacy of love and caring for all members of a community.

— Jim Lotz



NICHOLSON S. TOURISM

Washabuckt, near Iona, attracted the MacNeils from Barra, who settled here in 1818. Then came the MacLeans and so arose a community of "hardy, belligerent, Gaelic-speaking Catholics, fearing neither man nor devil..."

Neil MacNeil grew up here in the early part of the century, and set down his reminiscences of life in Washabuckt in his memoir, *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*, published in 1948. Don Wetmore, a Nova Scotia playwright, turned the book into a radio play, and then into a stage play in 1967, during Canada's Centennial Year. This year the play and Don Wetmore travel to Calgary

"The play is about love," says Archibald. "The characters range from the godly to the ungodly. And there's something for everyone in it. People can look at the play and say, 'That's me in all my moods!' A marvellous flow of love moves through the play — but it's not sloppy or sentimental. People squabble, backbite and gossip. Don Wetmore loves the Iona area, and wanted to commemorate it. The play reveals the different kinds of love in that lost community — between young people, between people and their community, and even between the community members and two local prostitutes. It's a marvellous frolic!"



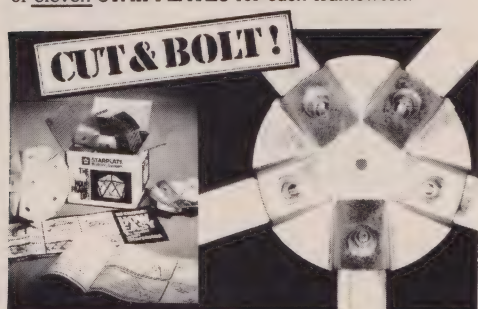
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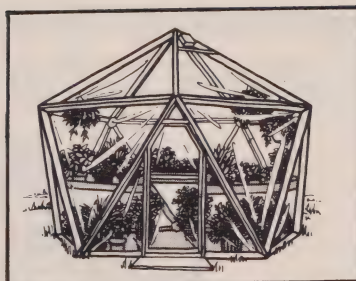
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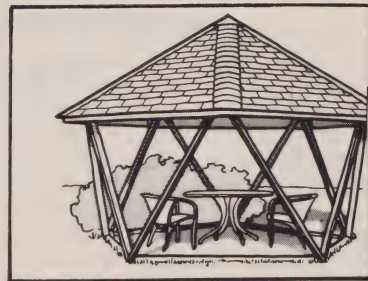
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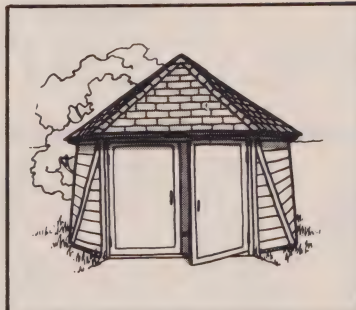
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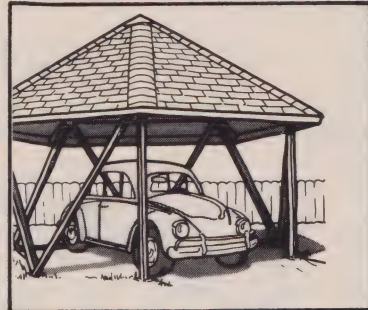
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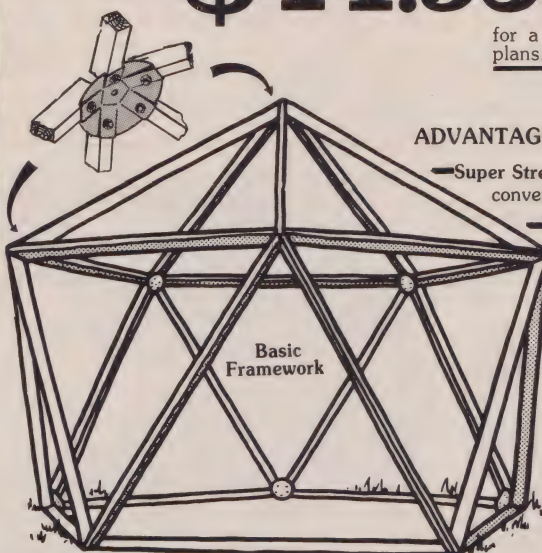
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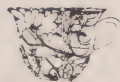
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# Not all the Nova Scotia Scots came from the Highlands

*That's why Colchester County is celebrating its Lowland Scots tradition with a festival this summer*



PHOTOS BY N.S. TOURISM

Some tourists are delighted to discover just how many McCullochs and Nelsons there are in the Truro directory. "Whattaya know," they say, "all those stories about Nova Scotia's great Highland heritage are true." They decide to grab a bit of that kilt-waving culture, and comb the countryside for a real old-fashioned fling, visiting only towns with Scottish-sounding names. Rita Skinner believes such preconceptions keep Nova Scotia's true heritage hidden; and this summer, she and a few friends will try to shed some light on the facts.

"We are organizing a Truro and Colchester County Scottish Festival," Skinner says, "to honor the first settlers of northwestern Nova Scotia, the Lowland Scots. The Lowlanders settled the whole area before the Highlanders even arrived."

But exploding the Highland myth here will be very difficult. Our history teaches us that the first permanent Scottish settlement in North America was a handful of Highlanders near Pictou. In autumn, 1773, the good ship *Hector* left 58 families on the Northumberland shore. While 27 stayed in the area, the rest moved throughout Nova Scotia. The Highlanders supposedly found very little settlement, and tamed the land as they went, organizing towns and districts. Actually, the story is quite different. When the *Hector* party arrived, they found Ulster-Scot settlers who had immigrated from Ireland and southern Scotland 10

years before. As the Highlanders moved deeper into the province, they found well-organized townships with effective town officers, comfortably supplied with livestock, raising a considerable amount of food. Truro, by 1765, was a sophisticated settlement of Pennsylvanians and New Hampshire-southern Scots. It was not until the 1780s that the province began to get a huge influx of Highlanders, who settled in Pictou and Antigonish counties and Cape Breton. But today, we are more likely to glorify the Highlander than even recognize the Lowlander in our history. We make tourist attractions of such tiny towns as Loch Broom, McPherson's Mills and Toney River merely for their "Highland" charm. We want visitors to remember the giant McAskill as much for his "Scottish" temperament as for his size.



Skinner knows she's got her work cut out for her, and that's why she's planned the festival to coincide with the International Gathering of the Clans. "We really want the Lowlands activities," Skinner says, "to be a celebration of Scottish heritage in general. The activities will commence July 4 and continue to July 10, at the height of the Gathering, just when people are learning about their backgrounds. We hope to draw attention to the Scots who migrated from New Hampshire — originally from southern Scotland — to settle the Truro township."

Indeed, the activities' schedule is jammed. On July 4 at the Colchester Regional Library, the Scottish Heritage

Foundation will give a presentation on the settlement of the Truro and Onslow townships in the early 1760s. The Heritage Centre will be open all week, decked out with maps, displays, old manuscripts and 18th-century costumes, household and farm equipment. A genealogy service will be available during the day. And of course there will be concerts in the park, pipe bands, Scottish dancing and singing.

Perhaps the most compelling event will be a production of Donald Wetmore's play, *The Londonderry Heirs*. The play, revised especially for this festival, tells of the arrival of the New Hampshire Scots in Colchester County in 1759. It should be a vivid portrayal of the hardships, and motivations of those early pioneers. Performances are on July 5, 6, 7 and 9.

But the event organizers are most pleased about is the gathering of the Lowland Clan Archibald. The gathering has been in the works for a year, and members will be flocking from all parts of the country. The clan, one of the largest, has its own rites and traditions, but its gathering at this year's Lowlands festival will focus attention on the history of the whole area.

Skinner sees the festival not just as a means to set the record straight about Nova Scotia's Lowland Scottish tradition, but as an important cultural release for the people of the region. "There are some families," Skinner says, "living today on the same lands granted to their ancestors back in the 18th century." In such an atmosphere it will be difficult for anyone to confuse the grand old Lowland names McCulloch and Nelson with Nova Scotia's Highland tradition.





# "We went to New Zealand, and found a Cape Breton ceilidh"

*Few visitors to The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 have come farther than the New Zealanders. Here, author Harry Bruce describes an unforgettable visit to New Zealand villagers whose forbears were Cape Breton Scots*

**F**or 12 days and 19,500 miles, the town of Waipu (say "why poo") was a joke and a mystery among the press. We were covering Allan J. MacEachen's performance as the only External Affairs minister in Canadian history ever to make an official sweep through Southeast Asia and, everywhere we went, the thunder of the ideological struggle of the century was as ominous as the volcanoes, earthquakes and floods we'd just escaped. But why Waipu? How in heaven's name did it fit into MacEachen's mission?

In Malaysia, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand, he met presidents and prime ministers, generals and cabinet ministers, ambassadors and mandarins (real ones). We crossed the dateline and, dodging typhoons, we crossed the equator five times. We shot in and out of cities whose very names stirred excite-

ment among both the Canadians who'd seen them before and those who'd known no more of the Pacific than the shores of British Columbia. Cities of exotic sin, illicit commerce, strange crimes, cheerful mornings and sinister nights. Honolulu, Hong Kong, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, the beaches of Bali, the fleshpots of Sydney and, ever onward, to the unknown charms of... Waipu? On the 13th day, we made it.

The journey was not simple. To get there, we first boarded a New Zealand government aircraft at Wellington. She was an F-27 Friendship, a lumbering old craft but as reliable as a good sheepdog; and she took us 385 miles north, toward the equator, to the port of Whangarei (pronounced "fongeray.") A fleet of chauffeur-driven cars awaited us. They'd come from Auckland 100 miles away, just to drive the External Affairs minister of Canada and his retinue of two dozen

officials and newsmen down a lavishly beautiful South Pacific shore to a town whose name, even to many New Zealanders, meant nothing.

Surely this was the most obscure official visit ever made by a Canadian cabinet minister in a foreign country. And surely, at the moment a Cape Breton Scot named Allan MacEachen stepped out of his car into the breezy sunlight of Waipu, he knew that an old dream was about to come true. For two lordly bagpipers from the Whangarei County Pipe Band, resplendent in highland finery and the kilt of Cameron of Errach, were there to greet him with the sweet sounds of "Green Hills of Tyrol" and "The Battle Is O'er," and one of them was Gregor McGregor, whose forbears had sailed to Waipu from Cape Breton Island more than a century ago; and, all around MacEachen, the last of New Zealand's own "bluenosers" wore the kilt and Cape Breton smiles; and then, a man stepped forward, shook his hand and spoke the ancient tongue. *Cia mar a tha udh* and *Ciad mile failte*. How do you do? A hundred thousand welcomes. MacEachen softly answered, in kind. In Gaelic.

We had joked that Waipu would prove MacEachen was the only politician in Canada who could travel to the far side of the globe and still manage to curry favor with the voters back home. Now, however, the jokes died. Highland sentiment lived. MacEachen's visit to Waipu was a footnote to one of the least-known odysseys in Canadian history, and it had begun in the Scottish Highlands a couple of centuries before.



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It began with the birth of Norman McLeod in Sutherlandshire in 1780 and, even before that, in the English victory over the Highlanders at Culloden Moor in 1746, in the eviction of the Highlanders to make room for sheep, in the breaking-up of the clans, and in all the other religious, social and economic factors that ultimately sent tens of thousands of sorrowful but hardy Scots into the Canadian wilderness. Norman McLeod was a fisherman, a farmer, a teacher, a divinity student, and, finally, a charismatic, dictatorial and sometimes terrifying freelance preacher. To McLeod, the Church of Scotland was a morass of moral mush and devil-infected recidivists. He was tall, hard, muscular, as unyielding as Scottish granite. His eye and tongue held faithful "Normanites" in chains all their lives and, till the end of his own 86 years on earth, he inspired the fanatical loyalty of some, the respect of many, the hatred of a few. As he lay dying at Waipu in 1866, his people came to the window of his room, and he said, "I would gladly lie here for 100 years if I thought I could save one soul."

In July, 1817, McLeod abandoned what he saw as Scotland's hopeless corruption. He sailed for Pictou, N.S., and, as other Highlanders followed, his congregation grew. But he regarded Pictou as a tiny reflection of the sinful homeland he had just left, and in 1820 the Normanites settled on the still-innocent eastern shores of Cape Breton Island. They found St. Anns harbor, where the sea was silver with fish, the dark forests awaited the axe and, in time, the soil would multiply potatoes. A whole generation passed. The Normanites became a tough, self-reliant community of farmers, shepherds, woodsmen, hunters, fishermen, carpenters, merchants, master shipbuilders, master mariners and, among the women, masters of the domestic arts. Then, the bulk of them sailed away forever.

Slow springtimes and a potato blight had threatened them with famine. Moreover, there were sinners even in St. Anns now. Not only that, McLeod suddenly received letters from Australia, from a son he'd long thought dead. Surely, he reasoned, God was trying to tell him something, and it was something he could tell his people. For he had both the prestige of a clan chief and the reverence due a servant of God. He alone could lead them to the far side of the world. Neil Robinson, in his book *Lion of Scotland*, described the emotion as Norman McLeod, aged 71 in the year 1851, delivered his last, great, open-air sermon on Cape Breton Island:

"Suddenly, everyone wanted to go with him," an old man recalled. More than half a century passed, and some of those who had heard him could still repeat the words with which he said farewell to so many of his people. One woman, remaining at St. Anns, nailed up the door of her house, saying that no other minister would pass through it. . . .

The singing, the weeping, the prayers ended, and in solemn silence the *Margaret* moved slowly down the bay toward the open sea, on her voyage to an unknown land."

The *Margaret* also sailed into the folk history of Cape Breton Island, and so did the brigs *Highland Lass* and *Gertrude*, the barques *Breadalbane* and *Ellen Lewis* and the brigantine *Spray*. McLeod's followers built the ships themselves at St. Anns and Big Bras d'Or, and sailed them themselves over 12,000 miles of sea. The first were bound for Adelaide but the Normanites found South Australia a cruel countryside full of brawling sinners and, during the 1850s, all six vessels finally arrived at Auckland, New Zealand. McLeod had found his last Promised Land. It was Waipu (which, roughly translated from Maori, means, "the sound of the sea crashing"). All together, the ships brought more than 800 Cape Breton Scots to the Waipu country and that was why it was that, 116 years after the last of them had arrived, Allan MacEachen went far out of his way to spend three sunny hours with their descendants.

For him, the journey was a pilgrimage. He took it partly because he was External Affairs minister of Canada, partly because it was from his federal riding that the Waipu pioneers had sailed, and partly because he had sat in the kitchens of men who still farmed the land the Normanites had left and still fished the waters those same old-timers had known. But the biggest reason why MacEachen went to Waipu was that, in him, "the blood is strong, the heart is Highland."

MacEachen is not an easy man to know. He prefers listening to talking. He pinches words as fiercely as any Scot ever pinched pennies. A respectful subordinate said he could "outsilence Gromyko." A disrespectful subordinate called him "old stonebottom." The press liked to call him "an enigma." But the one thing about him that is clear — among those who know anything at all about this faintly professorial son of a coal miner — is his love of Highland tradition, literature and music.

September 1. Springtime in Waipu, and four months to go before the Highland games on New Year's Day. The breeze is up, the sun shines, everyone turns out to see the important foreign visitor who is not really foreign. A couple of hundred people gather on the main street and, if you judge only by their faces and forget the lushness of the surrounding sheep and cattle country, you'd swear you were at a town picnic down home in Cape Breton. Few speak Gaelic anymore — an old man tells me "only the naughty words" remain in Waipu — but Alex McKay, chief of the Caledonian Society, is there in his kilt to meet MacEachen, and the whole place hums with the glad gossip of Finlaysons, McMillans, McKenzies, McLennans, McLeans, McGregors, McDonalds, and

so on.

We wander across the street from the gates of the Caledonian Society's park to the Waipu Pioneer Memorial House of Memories — a museum built of limestone donated by the McKenzie family — where, appropriately, one T.L. McKenzie welcomes MacEachen. An oil painting of Norman McLeod rules the room. His eyes still say, "No Compromise." Above him, the familiar blue X on a white background stretches for six feet. The Nova Scotia flag. All around us, there's hard proof of the old connection, Cape Breton heirlooms at home in New Zealand:

Thimbles, shawls, handkerchiefs, lace, spinning wheels . . . an anvil, broad axes, caulking hammers, shingle knives . . . brass candlesticks and snuff-boxes, silver sugar basins and match boxes, snuff boxes and cream jugs . . . "jam or

N.S. TOURISM





butter dish, given by the [Cape Breton] giant Angus McAskill to Miss Annie McInnes who later became Mrs. Sutherland"...the double-barrelled gun Captain Duncan Matheson brought on the *Spray* and later used for "killing pigs and pigeons in the surrounding bush"...a compass, telescope, parallel rules, quadrant, the navigation tools the pioneers used to find their way halfway round the world...a pair of spectacles that someone took from Scotland to St. Anns in the 1820s and someone else brought from St. Anns to Waipu in the 1850s.

We move from the House of Memories to the Pioneer Monument, with its stone carvings of the six historic sailing ships, and then on to the Waipu Coronation Hall. It is indistinguishable from halls in Cape Breton in which MacEachen has issued, if not a "hundred thousand welcomes," at least 100 campaign speeches. The Waipu Highlanders have laid on a lunch of dainty sandwiches, cold meat and fluffy pies; and it's at least as nourishing as salt herring, boiled potatoes and blueberry grunt. Then, the pipers appear on the small stage, and four beautiful New Zealand children, in brilliant highland gear, skip and prance and fling their way through a double sword dance and Reel of Tulloch. Surely, we are not in New Zealand. Surely, this is just another Cape Breton ceilidh.

Now, Donald McKay introduces MacEachen. McKay says MacEachen was born in Nova Scotia. The little crowd bursts into applause. Yes, and MacEachen was *educated* in Nova Scotia, too. More applause. Then Mc-

Kay recalls that, while he served in the New Zealand cabinet, political enemies once described him as "that bluenose minister." He didn't mind. "We're proud to be called bluenosers," he says. "We're proud to be called Nova Scotians."

MacEachen rises. He says little, but it is enough. He describes "the historic and human links between you and those people who still live at St. Anns and the northern shore of Victoria County." He says, "You and your ancestors are not forgotten there." He says the fortitude and self-reliance of the Normanites and the story of their wanderings, still inspire "all of us who live in Nova Scotia." He recalls meeting a young piper in Scotland — a Finlayson from Waipu, as it turned out. "What part of Scotland do your people come from?" MacEachen asked. "My people don't come from Scotland," the youth answered. "They come from Nova Scotia." More applause.

He tells them the Gaelic language still thrives in Nova Scotia and that, even though more than 200 years have passed since the first Scottish settlers arrived in Canada, Cape Breton children are learning Gaelic in grade school. "The little Gaelic I speak, I learned at my house in Cape Breton... I want to say a few words if you don't mind, in the ancient language." He speaks the strange, guttural, coughing syllables slowly, carefully, warmly and, according to the Scottish-born New Zealander seated beside me, almost flawlessly. He celebrates the "invisible and unbreakable bond that links those who have a Scottish and Highland background."

He says that, wherever in the world Scots have travelled, they've not only maintained their traditions but also adapted themselves to contribute to whatever new country now claimed their loyalty; and my tablemate, who was born in the Hebrides, has something as crazy as tears in his eyes. In an accent you could cut with a dirk, he says, "Ah, it does my Highland heart a world of good to hear a man talk that way."

Outside, the Canadians plant maple trees, and now it's time to go. By tonight, MacEachen must be 1,400 miles away at the remote, inland ranch of Malcom Fraser, the prime minister of Australia (whose grandfather, incidentally, was a Nova Scotian); and, as we pile into our cars to leave Waipu forever, the people line up on the grass, like a wedding party posing for a photographer, and they all wave goodbye. The pipers send us off with "Scotland the Brave" but, just before we leave, MacEachen mails 10 postcards to addresses on Cape Breton Island. On each card, he writes one sentence: "I made it to Waipu."

— Harry Bruce



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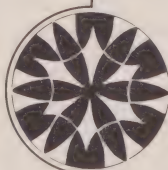
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# "Citizens oth' World"

*Even before they flocked to North America, the Scots were rovers in foreign lands*

**T**he Scots established a reputation as travellers long before they started moving across the Atlantic to the North American continent in the 18th century. In 1648, poet John Cleveland wrote:

*Hence tis they live as Rovers and defie  
This or that place, Rags of Geography.  
They'r Citizens oth' World, the'r all in  
all,*

*Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.*

Many Scots served as mercenaries. For example, in 1408, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, took a party of fellow Scots to the aid of the Bishop of Liège to help him put down a rebellion

brother, John, a major in the Prussian Guard.

Then there were the many hopeful, young Lowland merchants, tired of poverty and limited access to opportunity at home, who left their native land in the 16th and 17th centuries to seek their fortunes abroad. Many of them ended up as poor peddling "skottars," but others became rich burgesses of Stockholm, Warsaw or Ratisbon. Eventually, some of these merchants came home, bringing with them not only money but their experience of European culture to enrich the life of their home communities.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth I, the English and Scottish Crowns were united in the person of James I (James VI of Scotland), who moved his court to London. Most of the Scots among his entourage, despite their titles, weren't used to the more sophisticated manners of the English court and provided a source of amusement for the social critics of that day. The fact that so many of the Scots on the fringes of court life were constantly short of money may have sparked the image, carried to grotesque excess centuries later by Sir Harry Lauder, of the stingy Scotsman.

There had been other perennially hard-up Scots abroad — students. The first university in Scotland, St. Andrews, was founded in 1411. Before that, Scots who wanted to acquire a university education had to go to France or England.

When Scotland came under the English Crown, her citizens were no longer allowed to serve foreign monarchs. Instead, the Scots, notably the Highlanders, swelled the ranks of the British Army. William Pitt was one politician who recognized the Highlands' worth as a source of men for Britain's armies and boasted to Parliament that he "called forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men who conquered for you in every part of the world."

Highlanders were not only valuable for military prowess, they were cheap to recruit, since regiments were raised for the War Office by the landowners. For every 100 men recruited, the clan chief or proprietor was entitled to appoint a captain, two lieutenants and an ensign. Over 11,000 men were recruited for the Fraser, Argyll, Macdonald, Atholl and Seaforth Highlanders to fight during the American War of Independence, and between 1793 and 1815, at least 72,385 Highlanders served as soldiers. It came somewhat of a shock to the War Office that recruitment in 1854 for the Crimean War failed to yield the expected numbers. Only three Highland infantry battalions went to the Crimea; the officials

in London failed to allow for the large numbers of young men who had emigrated from the glens.

Highland regiments continued to serve Britain, and many Scots travelled the world to fight Britain's Imperial wars. Unlike the Lowland merchants and students who returned to their homeland with new knowledge of exotic places and broadened outlooks, many of the Highland soldiers who served abroad seemed unaffected by the alien cultures of the countries in which they had fought. In his book *Queen Victoria's Little Wars*, Byron Farewell describes how each regiment was a sort of movable community, "its members bound by ties of kinship, tradition, religion and speech, passing through exotic lands without leaving home, and returning to their Highlands after years in India, Afghanistan and Africa untouched by pagan customs, or foreign ways to take their place by the peat fires in their cottages almost as if they had never left home."

At the end of the 17th century, Scots ventured further afield when they tried to establish a colony on the isthmus of Darien (which joins Central and South America), between two of Spain's strongholds, Porto Bello and Cartegena, and thus gain a free trade route to the Pacific. The Darien scheme, the brainchild of William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England, had been rejected by the other governments to which he had presented it; in fact, the project was being denounced in London at the same time that shares were being snapped up in Edinburgh.

The first colonists left Leith in July, 1698, and arrived safely at their destination. They named the country New Caledonia and selected two sites for future cities to be named New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. However, sickness and lack of provisions reduced the colonists to such a state that they left in June, 1699, unaware that more ships were on their way. These later arrivals had no more success than the earlier settlers. Finally, the Spanish overran the garrison and the Darien colony went out of existence, if it can be said to have ever existed. William Patterson, whose wife and child died in Darien, was one of only a handful of colonists to reach home.

Since most of Scotland's spare floating capital had been invested in the Darien Company, the collapse of the enterprise had far-reaching effects. It was one of the principal factors in the decision of the Scots to give up independence for commercial union with England. An indemnity to the Scottish investors in the Darien Company from the English treasury was one of the articles of the 1707 Act of Union.

Less than three decades later, the first trickle of what was to become a flood of Scots from the "Nation Epidemical" was making its way across the Atlantic.

—Pat Lotz



N. S. GOV'T. SERVICES

in that city. In his less respectable days, the colorful earl had been in partnership with the Provost of Aberdeen as a pirate, capturing, among others, a ship belonging to Dick Whittington. Sir Patrick Gordon was a general in the army of Peter the Great of Russia. Many of the Scots, including a large contingent of MacGregors, settled in Poland after serving in her army. Patrick Grant of Gunlugus became governor of Silesia. He died there in 1759 and was succeeded by his



# CUTTY SARK

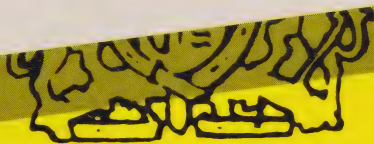


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## Ciad Mile Failte International Gathering of the Clans 1983



Though dates for most community festivals are firm, up-to-the-minute information on schedules is available at 423-1983, Halifax.

June 27-30 — **Grand Opening Ceremonies at The Nova Scotia Tattoo.** A spectacular marriage of military and civilian performances (with pipers, drummers, singers, dancers, acrobats, and much more) not only kicks off the International Gathering of the Clans but also honors two centuries of Loyalist tradition in Nova Scotia. Metro Centre, Halifax.

June 29-July 3 — **Mabou Ceilidh.** Crafts, concerts, dancing, barbecue, parade, athletic events, ecumenical service, and generally happy, Highland times. **Mabou**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

July 1 — **Pugwash Gathering of The Clans.** Traditionally summer's first big Highland festival in Nova Scotia, the Pugwash gathering features pipe-band and dance competitions, athletic events, sailing regatta, Ceilidh and — tantalizingly inescapable on this shore — lobster dinners. **Pugwash**, Northumberland Strait, Cumberland County.

July 3 — **Scottish Concert.** An evening of Scottish music and dance, sponsored by the Jaycees of Liverpool and area. **Liverpool**, South Shore, Queens County.

July 4-9 — **North British Society** events include banquet, concert, Kirkin of the Tartan, piping. **Halifax.**

July 4-9 — **"The Highland Heart of Nova Scotia"** — Play produced by the





Nova Scotia Drama League about the first Scots who settled in the Iona area. Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, **Halifax**.

July 4-10 — **Scottish Festival** at Truro, "Home of the Lowland Scot," offers historical information, genealogical help, concert, live theatre, ecumenical service. **Truro**, Colchester County.

---

*The Paramount Chief  
of the Cree Indian Nation  
is one  
Waldo McIntosh.*

---

July 8-9 — **Baddeck Handcraft Festival** features weaving, spinning, carding, displays of hand-woven and knitted garments, a juried show of Cape Breton-made craft goods, home-cooked food, home-cooked music. **Baddeck**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

July 8-10 — **Festival of Scottish Fiddling**. Fiddling contest, concerts, family fun at Gaelic College, **St. Anns**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

July 9 — **Festival of Piping**. Piping, of course. Also drumming, a pipe-band parade and Highland games just across the harbor from Halifax. **Dartmouth**, Halifax County.

July 10 — **Clan's Day** — A special day for all Clansmen featuring a march-

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past, Kirkin o' the Tartan, barbecue, and much more. Antigonish.

July 13-17 — **Whycocomagh Summer Carnival.** Concerts, sports, arts, crafts, more family fun. **Whycocomagh**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

July 15 — **Metro Gathering of the Clans Ceilidh** — An evening of Scottish entertainment at the Halifax Metro Centre.

July 15-16 — **Judique "On the Floor Days."** Dances, crafts, sports, track-and-field, Scottish heavy events, barbecues, etc. — all on the sweet, western shore of Cape Breton. **Judique**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

July 15-17 — **Antigonish Highland Games.** The Highland Society Ball oc-

*Jim Bowie  
and  
Davie Crockett,  
both of whom  
died  
at the Siege  
of the Alamo,  
were Scots.*

*Fifteen  
U.S. presidents  
have been of Scottish  
descent.*

N.S. GOV'T SERVICES



curs Saturday night, July 9, and throughout the following week assorted expressions of kilted rivalry and kilted pride prepare visitors and locals alike for the Antigonish Highland Games — for the dancing, piping, drumming, running, jumping, hustling and tippling of the supreme summer weekend in "The Highland Heart of Nova Scotia." **Antigonish.**

July 17 — **Big Pond Scottish Concert.** Step dancing, Highland dancing, singing in Gaelic, singing in English, and Cape Breton fiddlers — all at an outdoor folk concert with a Celtic flavor. **Big Pond**, East Bay (Bras d'Or Lake), Cape Breton County.

July 26-31 — **Festival of the Forts.** Commemoration of the landing of Scottish settlers in 1629 at Port Royal, and the events that gave Nova Scotia its name. Piper leads the way to the site of the historic landing. **Annapolis Royal**, Annapolis County.

July 27-31 — **Inverness Gathering.** Family events at a community festival. **Inverness**, Cape Breton.

July 30 — **Open House, Taigh Nan Gaidheal.** The New Waterford Gaelic Society offers a full day of Gaelic singing, dancing, a milling frolic and more, much more. **Sydney**, Cape Breton County.

July 31 — **Broad Cove Concert.** Gaelic singing, dancing, fiddling, piping. **Broad Cove**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 1-13 — **Gaelic Society of Cape**



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**Breton** presents two weeks of Highland hospitality and entertainment at Taigh Nan Gaidheal. **Sydney**, Cape Breton County.

Aug. 5-7 — **Chestico Days**. Boat races, dancing, family fun, re-enactment of the arrival of the first Scottish settlers. **Port Hood**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 6 — **Highland Village Day**. An outdoor Scottish whoop-up at a beautiful village on Bras d'Or Lake, with Highland, step and square dancing, fiddling, piping, Gaelic and English folk-singing. **Iona**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 7-14 — **Festival of the Tartans**. At the heart of Scottish tradition in mainland Nova Scotia, a week of Highland dancing, piping, drumming, sports and concerts. **New Glasgow**, Pictou County.

*The King  
of Morocco's pipe band  
carry MacLean  
streamers  
on their bagpipes  
in honor  
of their first  
general,  
Caid  
Sir Harry MacLean.*

Aug. 14 — **St. Joseph Du Moine Concert**. A Scottish cultural feast with an Acadian flavor features fiddlers, step dancers, piping, songs in Gaelic and French. **St. Joseph Du Moine**, Inverness County, Cape Breton.

Aug. 15-20 — **Gaelic Mod**. One of the most colorful and stirring annual Scottish shows in the province features competitions in Highland dancing, bag-piping and Gaelic singing, and marching pipe bands. Official closing ceremonies for the International Gathering of the Clans occur August 20. Gaelic College, **St. Anns**, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

Ongoing in July, August — **Wild Thyme Pipe Band Concerts**, Halifax and Dartmouth.

*Some old Scots names  
were strangely  
translated  
Lowland versions  
of Gaelic names,  
and included  
McFrizzle, MacRabit,  
MacWhy, MacDick,  
MacPoke, MacJock,  
MacSwiggin, MacFun,  
MacQuhirr, McCash,  
MacGoon.*

## Clan Meetings



More than 50 Nova Scotia Clan Societies will gather during the International Gathering of the Clans in Nova Scotia, held June 27 through August 20,

1983. Many of the clans have timed their gatherings to coincide with such major festivals as the Opening Ceremonies, the Antigonish Highland Games or the Gaelic Mod. Various other gatherings will be taking place throughout the province in addition to those held in conjunction with major festivals. The Federation of Scottish Clans in Nova Scotia reports that as of May 2, 1983, the Clan events will be as follows:

May 28 — **MacKay**. Annual dinner & meeting, 1 p.m. MacKay Room, St. F.X. University, **Antigonish**.

June 9-17 — **MacKay**. Special sporting events for the physically and mentally handicapped.



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June 23-July 3 — **Sutherland**. Lord & Lady Strathnaver visit from Scotland. Picnic, meeting, reception, dinner & dance, parade, clan tents. **New Glasgow and Halifax.**

June 25-27 — **Campbell**. Clan Campbell Weekend Meeting. Dinner & dance, church service, picnic, tours & workshops. **Halifax.**

*In 1800,  
a MacGregor  
in Mexico  
fathered 22 sons  
by a local woman.  
Mexico City alone  
now boasts  
250 MacGregors.*

June 26 — **MacKay**. Open house, 2-5 p.m. 2584 Kline Street, **Halifax.**

June 27-30 — **All Clans**. Nova Scotia Tattoo opening ceremonies, June 27. Metro Centre, **Halifax.**

June 29-July 3 — **MacArthur**. In conjunction with the Mabou Ceilidh. **Mabou.**

*The world  
overland-throwing  
record  
for a hand-hurled haggis  
is 155 feet.*

June 30-July 3 — **MacIntyre**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Strait. **Port Hawkesbury.**

July 1-2 — **Ross**. Clan Banner parade. Clan tent in conjunction with the Pugwash Gathering of the Clans. Annual Clan Ross ceilidh and family picnic. **New Ross.**

July 1-3 — **Cameron**. Banquet program & dance, clan gathering, church service. **New Glasgow and Chance Harbour.**

July 2 — **MacLeod**. Picnic & church service. **LaHave and Pictou.**

July 3 — **Monro(e)**. Heritage Monro(e) Day. Tremont Hall, Kings County.

*U.S. astronaut  
Alan Bean  
took a piece  
of MacBean tartan  
to the moon.*



July 4-9 — **Donnachaidh**. Registration, meeting & luncheon, tours, ceilidhs, dinner, concerts, and Scottish ball in conjunction with the North British Society events. **Halifax**.

July 4-10 — **Archibald**. In conjunction with the Truro Scottish Festival. **Truro**.

July 5 — **Cameron**. Reception & program. **Kentville**.

July 7-10 — **MacBean**. Social gatherings of MacBeans and MacKays 7-9 p.m. Attend in body the North British Society events and the Dartmouth Festival of Piping, church service, Kirkin of the Tartan. **Halifax & Dartmouth**.

*MacDuff clansmen  
once boiled  
an unpopular sheriff,  
turned him into soup,  
and drank him.*

July 7, 10 — **MacKay**. Social gatherings of the MacKays and MacBeans, 7-11 p.m. Special church service, 11 a.m. Mic-mac Mall, **Dartmouth**. Calvin Presbyterian Church, Asburn Ave., **Halifax**.

*The population  
of Scotland  
is little more  
than five million  
but the chairman  
of the International  
Gathering  
of the Clans Trust  
in Scotland,  
Lord Elgin,  
says,  
"At least 25 million  
people  
throughout the world  
have close ties  
with Scotland."*

July 8-9 — **Chisholm**. Clan Gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 8-10 — **MacInnis**. In conjunction with the Festival of Scottish Fiddling. **St. Ann's**, Cape Breton.

July 9-11 — **Donald**. Clan Donald gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish**.

July 10 — **All Clans**. Clan Day. Marchpast, Kirkin of the Tartan, clan meetings, barbecue. **Antigonish**.

July 13-17 — **MacKinnon**. Summer Festival. **Whycocomagh**.



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July 14-17 — **MacDougall**. Clan Gathering in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish.**

July 14-17 — **MacIntosh, MacLean**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish.**

July 14-17 — **Chattan**. Refreshments, entertainment and information, hospitality tent in conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish.**

July 15-16 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish.**

July 15-17 — **Munro**. Registration, annual meeting, Tartan dinner & ceilidh, church service, luncheon, tour. King's College, **Halifax.**

July 16-17 — **Campbell**. In conjunction with the Antigonish Highland Games. **Antigonish.**

July 22-24 — **Fraser**. Fraser Gathering. **Pictou County.**

July 23-24 — **MacLean**. Clan Gathering, festivals, church service. **Caribou Provincial Park, Pictou County.**

July 29 — **MacDougall**. MacDougall Gathering of Cape Breton and Antigonish. MacDougalls in conjunction with the Inverness Gathering. **Inverness.**

July 29-30 — **MacPherson**. Clan Gathering, annual general meeting, Chief will be attending. **Halifax.**

July 30 — **MacLellan**. In conjunction with the Inverness Gathering. **Glenvale, Inverness.**

July 30, 31 — **MacLennan**. Clan Gatherings. **Iona, Little Narrows.**

August 5 — **MacNeil**. Re-enactment of first meeting of original MacNeil settlers. Ecumenical church service, ceilidh, tours of the area. **Iona, C.B.**

August 5-13 — **MacPhee**. Registration, ceilidh, tours, church service, Clan Parliament meetings. **Sydney, C.B.**

August 6 — **MacKay**. Highland dancing, tug of war (3-4 p.m.). **Earlton.**

August 6 — **MacKenzie**. In conjunction with Highland Village Days. **Iona, C.B.**

August 6-7 — **Dunbar**. Family picnic, dance, church service, dinner. **Lorne, Hopewell, Pictou Co.**

August 6-7 — **Murray**. Annual Meeting 2 p.m., tug of war, pipers picnic, church service, commemoration to pioneers of Pictou County, refreshments. **Earlton, Meadowville.**

August 7-10 — **Ranald**. In conjunction with Chestico Days. **Port Hood.**

August 7-14 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow.**

August 7-14 — **Ross**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow.**

*The old Highland name  
MacVanish  
has all but vanished.*



August 12-13 — **Campbell**. In conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans, Clan tent & banquet, visits to "Hector Landing" and other sites. **New Glasgow**.

August 13 — **Murray**. Picnic, pipe & fiddle music, dancing, etc., refreshments. "Murrayheath," **River John**.

August 13 — **Sinclair**. Banquet & dance 7 p.m. Canadian Legion Hall, **Antigonish**.

August 13-14 — **MacKenzie**. In conjunction with Festival of the Tartans. **New Glasgow**.

*"Mighty  
are the universities  
of Scotland,  
and they will prevail.  
But even  
in your highest  
exultations  
never forget  
that they are not four,  
but five.  
The greatest of them  
is the poor,  
proud homes  
you come out of,  
which said so long ago:  
'There shall be education  
in this land.' "*  
— James M. Barrie  
(1860-1937)

August 14 — **MacKay**. Church service at Loch Broom's historical church in conjunction with the Festival of the Tartans, **New Glasgow**; Dinner Gathering, 6 p.m. Heather Motel, **Antigonish**.

August 14 — **Sinclair**. Church service, Kings United Church, **Guysborough**; Clan luncheon, **Goshen**.

August 15-20 — **Fergusson**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod Closing Ceremonies, Aug. 20. St. Ann's, C.B.

August 17 — **Matheson**. Motorcade with chief, reception, registration, ceilidh. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18 — **Matheson**. Church service, Kirkin of the Tartan, parade, Opening of Gaelic Mod, supper at fire hall. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18-20 — **Campbells**. Camp-

*"An Englishman  
is a man who lives  
on an island  
in the North Sea  
governed by Scotsmen."*  
— Philip Guedalla  
(1889-1944).

bell family gathering, clan tent, workshops, picnics, games and ceilidh, in conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 18-20 — **MacAulay**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Buchanan**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Matheson**. Visits, cruise, Clan Parliament, banquet, road race, tug of war, **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19 — **Matheson**. In conjunction with Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

August 19-20 — **Grant**. In conjunction with the Gaelic Mod. **St. Ann's, C.B.**

There will be a "Clan Centre" opening in Barrington Place in Halifax from June 1 - August 20, 1983. For further information concerning clan activities please drop in or call 423-1983.



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PHOTOS BY BOB ANDERSON/MASTERFILE

## Wee Davie

*David Harrington actually weighs 260 pounds. No North American is better at throwing heavy objects. See him in the flesh at the Antigonish Highland Games*

The morning mist is rising, and the lake taking shape beyond the spruce trees — a fiord, silver in the sun, between the crowding hills. The house at the head of the lake is angular and modern, a sprawl of brick and timber facades, almost hidden in woods and the folds of the hill it is built on, though the views from its vast windows extend for miles. There is something ancient in the mood of the place. It is not difficult to imagine it as the redoubt of some Celtic warlord, watchful, always, for the approach of enemies. And, this morning, a very old rite is being enacted on a field beside the house. A huge man, wearing the red and green tartan kilt of the Cameron Highlanders, is crouched in a slow run, a cedar log, 20 feet long and weighing about 120 pounds, cradled against his left shoulder. Suddenly, he lets out a long, guttural scream and heaves the log into the air. It turns over, stands on end for a moment, and then crashes to the ground.

David Harrington smiles with satisfaction. He has executed a perfect caber toss. In Canada he is king of the caber. His dream is to be king of the caber in the whole world. So he strains and sweats here at his retreat in Quebec's Gatineau Hills, only a 15-minute drive from downtown Ottawa, but somehow as remote as the Highlands where some fierce clansman first hurled a log into the air and invented a sport so demanding even its devoted practitioners call it madness.

The history of the "heavy events" at Highland games is a matter of surmise, and legend that is as brutal as it is romantic. Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland in the 11th century, is credited with having organized the first games at Braemar, with the aim of discovering and rewarding the speediest and strongest of his warriors. As the games developed, tests of strength were devised from the everyday activities of those rugged men of the north. One story has it that a primitive woodsman heaved a log across a stream to avoid fording it and getting wet while carrying his burden — and so "the bar," or caber, was first tossed. Hammer throwing was quite likely the lunchtime recreation of blacksmiths, weight-throwing the dalliance of dockworkers, and stone-throwing the sport of shepherds who came to realize that golf required madness of an even more serious degree.



At modern Highland games there are seven officially recognized heavy events. There is the caber toss, in which the competitor tosses a heavy log for accuracy, standing at six o'clock and heaving the caber end over end so that it points to 12 o'clock. And there are the throws, variously for distance and height, of hammers, weights and stone. Those who might consider the Highland "heavies" to be ethnic and trifling in the world of sport should know that they are the ancestors of two modern Olympic events, the hammer and the shot put. "They've a more legitimate claim in athletic tradition than most events," says David Harrington. But they're madness nevertheless, as he found out when he first became aware of them.

His athletic beginnings were quite sane. He was born in California, the son of Archibald Harrington, an American fighter pilot who, too impatient to wait for his country to enter the Second World War, signed up with the Royal Canadian Air Force and, while waiting to go into action, met and married a Canadian woman. (Later, flying Mosquitoes from a base in Britain, he earned decorations.) At high school young David excelled in the shot put and discus, eventually winning a combined athletic and academic scholarship to Stanford University in California. Meanwhile he was spending summers at his maternal grandfather's property on Meach Lake in the Gatineau Hills, a place he loved and was to inherit in 1973. That year, his conventional athletic career at its peak, he was a member of the Canadian team at the Pacific Conference Games in Toronto.

There is Scottish blood in his mother's family, and as a boy David was instructed in the mystique of Highland gatherings. When he was 19, in 1965, he entered the shot put at the Glengarry Games in Maxville, Ont., and someone invited him to try his hand at the caber. "I got it up," he remembers, relaxing in a sitting room of the dream home he built on the shores of Meach Lake a few years ago, "but I couldn't get it over. I was devastated." He didn't touch the caber for six years, until one day at a gathering in Ottawa when he picked up an 80-pound log and threw it 43 feet to win a distance-throwing contest — a peculiarly Canadian aberration that in recent years has fallen into disfavor. The true Scottish insanity calls for the tossing of a heavy log only for accuracy.

Harrington tried to do that in Antigonish, N.S., in 1972. "It was so heavy it damn near broke my back." He succeeded, finally, at Fergus, Ont., in 1978. That day he was persuaded, against his better judgement, to try the other heavy events; it took weeks for his back to recover. "I told them they were crazy — throwing a 56-pound weight with *one hand*." Never again, he vowed.

But not long afterward he took an old sewing machine to a dump, and while

he stood there preparing to throw it away, something strange happened. "When I hefted that old machine, it felt so good in my hand. It said, Throw me. I threw it — and kept throwing it for an hour, hoping it would break so I wouldn't pursue this lunacy. But it wouldn't break. I took it home." He was lost, smitten by the beguiling curse of the heavies.

Since coming under the spell of that old sewing machine, David Harrington who, in his saner moments is a management consultant — marketing time systems for business offices — has competed in nearly 300 heavy events and won all but a handful of them. By 1982 he'd been Canadian caber champion five times, and held all the national records for hammers, weights and stone. He was recognized as one of the top 10 in the international field of heavy event contenders in April, 1981, when he was invited to the world championships in Melbourne, Australia. He finished fourth over-all, missing the stone throw mark by only four inches. In December, 1981, while still recovering from a double hernia operation, he competed in Lagos, Nigeria, and finished sixth. Since then, he hasn't been getting older, he's been getting better.

He now holds the North American records for throwing the 56-pound weight (40 feet, one inch), the 22-pound hammer (108 feet, 10 inches), and the 16-pound hammer (129 feet, 10 inches). He has set himself a rigorous training program to build strength and weight. At 37, he's entering the prime years for a heavy event contender, but although he's six feet, three inches tall, and weighs 260 pounds, he's the smallest of the top 10. To the others he's "Wee Dave." The "Big Yin" is the current world champion, Geoffrey Capes, an Englishman who weighs in at 330 pounds. Harrington's thighs are thicker than the cabers he tosses, but Cape's thighs are monstrous. When he visited the Harringtons — David, his wife, Janet, and the three children, Brenna, 10, Joanna, 8, and Andy, 4 — at Meach Lake recently, he couldn't fit his legs under their dining room table (a converted grand piano) and had to eat his meals sitting sideways.

David Harrington, like any athlete, is gripped by the desire to win. But he's become enraptured too with the lore and the legend and what he calls the "esthetics" of the heavy events. In 1981 he founded Heavy Events Canada, an association dedicated to promoting the sport and protecting the purity of its madness by discouraging such notions as throwing light cabers long distances. He has taken to making his own lead weights and hammerheads in a cauldron in his backyard. At gatherings he seeks out a piper while he's warming up, using the music to fashion the rhythm of his exercises and to fill his mind with the lust for victory. "It makes my hackles rise."

He talks about his "spiritual" ex-

periences on the field: "Sometimes I touch that caber and I just *know* it will go over to 12 o'clock." And about the inspiring scenes in movies like *Chariots of Fire* — Eric Liddell, the 400-metre gold medalist in the 1924 Olympics, running, driven by some mystical force, the throat-catching stark beauty of the Highlands in the background. And *Geordie*. When Wee Geordie, the stripling grown into a giant, cannot put the shot for the pain of his homesickness there at the Olympics in a foreign land, visions of his beloved hills fill his head, and he hears the voices calling, "Geordie, Geordie..." and he heaves the shot an unheard-of distance.

At home on the shore of Meach Lake, David Harrington sweats and pushes himself harder by the day. He believes that the beauty of the place has an influence, a magic that sometimes gives him the power to hurl a hammer or a weight farther than has ever been seen. He thinks about the world championships in Scotland and wonders if, when he is there, he will be able to see in his mind the hills of the Gatineau, and the mist on the lake, and touch the caber and *know* beyond any doubt, that it will go over and land, perfectly, at 12 o'clock.





# At the Gaelic College, a culture just won't die

*The International Gathering of the Clans 1983 closes at St. Anns, Cape Breton, on August 20; but the Gaelic arts will still be thriving here during Gatherings and Gatherings to come*

**F**or 90 minutes one sunny Sunday this spring, about 350 churchgoers relived a traditional service of their Gaelic ancestors. The service wasn't so much a memorial to an old Cape Breton tradition as a statement that it had a future. It was delivered almost entirely in Gaelic, and in Cape Breton the demise of Gaelic has often been sadly predicted. The service also included precenting, a form of mournful chanting that dates back to the Protestant Reformation.

Practitioners of both are rare. The fact that there are any at all is a tribute to Celtic stubbornness and pride, and to the Gaelic College at St. Anns. But even the founder of the College, the Rev. A.W.R. MacKenzie — whose passionate pursuit of a Gaelic beacon was well-known — would have been surprised at what happened in Stewart United Church in the Bras d'Or Lake village of Whycocomagh. With some exceptions, precenting died out in Cape Breton

churches at the end of the last century. As cultural identification waned, so did precenting, because it required an understanding of the whole culture, not just the language.

When a precentor chanted a line from a psalm — converted into the poetic metric form — worshippers repeated a line. And usually someone rose to embellish the chant, adding a different intonation or interpretation. Surprisingly, some were able to do that at Stewart United Church. For Jim St. Clair, a Celtic and Cape Breton historian who helped organize the service, this was "a statement of a continuation of tradition." Rev. MacKenzie would have appreciated that, because to him "culture was a living thing, not just a commemorative thing."

It was in that spirit that the Gaelic College, the only institution of its kind in North America, was formed in 1939. Today, the college — despite a genera-

tion of cultural indifference — welcomes thousands of students and visitors annually. Its contribution, says St. Clair, is incalculable. The college is indeed unique. It is first and foremost a learning institution where students from around the world come for instruction in Gaelic language, bagpipe music, Highland dancing, pipe-band drumming and Scottish violin. In its 43 years, more than 7,000 students have spent part of their summers immersed in Celtic culture.

At the same time, the college brings out the Scot in every visitor. Anyone with a hint of Scottish blood can search for their clan connection in the Great Hall of the Clans — though be forewarned that the Highlands held some barbarous folk — or discover their clan tartan in the craft centre.

But even for those who have never visited the college, its existence has left an impact. Leonard Jones, its executive-director for the past 17 years, says, "If it had not been for this place to keep the heritage going, I think there would be very little of it in Nova Scotia." At times it has been a struggle. A generation of young people grew up with little interest in their heritage. Even now, with a resurgence of interest, fostering the traditions of the Highland Scottish settlers is difficult. Government restraint is eliminating most of the Gaelic language and history classes in public schools.

A few years ago, 60% of the 200 summer students were American, and



PHOTOS BY NICHOLAS S. TOURISM



only about 15% Nova Scotian. Now, most are Nova Scotian. For two weeks (though some stay longer or return the following year), they get the best instruction from internationally known teachers.

Out of those classes come students who make the culture come alive — the step-dancers, the pipe-band drummers, the pipers and the fiddlers. When the sessions end, the Gaelic Mod begins. The Mod, which means gathering or meeting place, is as old as the college. It brings together in competition the province's top performers in dance and music disciplines. Throughout the Mod, there are Scottish concerts in the outdoor performance centre. This year, the Mod starts on August 15, and ends August 20 in conjunction with the official closing ceremonies of The International Gathering of the Clans 1983.

The college will also be host for the first time to the Festival of Scottish Fiddling on July 9 and 10 — as usual, the weekend nearest summer's first full moon. First held in 1973, the festival has outgrown its original site in Glendale. Ironically, the festival began partly because of a 1971 CBC program *The Vanishing Fiddler*. The program took a nostalgic look at the diminishing number of home-grown fiddlers and what the decline meant to a culture so rooted in music.

Twelve years and three records later, the festival is a gathering of more than

200 fiddlers, plus dancers and pipers. It attracts visitors from all over the continent. According to Frank MacInnis, a member of the Cape Breton Fiddlers Association, there are now more fiddlers than ever before, and many are young. The lively style of Cape Breton fiddling is different from any other, and when 10, 50 or 100 fiddlers get together on the same stage the sound is extraordinary. "We had a Scottish orchestra here," MacInnis says, "and they were amazed we could get so many fiddlers playing together, without music sheets, and all in the same time."

The college has one other claim to international fame, its weavers of hand-made Scottish tartans and its craft shop. It was originally set up by Mrs. A.W.R. MacKenzie, one of the world's outstanding weavers. She was sometimes consulted about the authenticity of Scottish clan tartans by the officially recognized authority, the Lord Lyon of Scotland. According to Jim St. Clair, her work is largely responsible for the economically important crafts and weaving industry here today.

Seventeen years ago, the craft centre was taken over by Isobel MacAulay, now the authority on tartans in Canada. She can tell you more than you ever thought possible to know about Scottish clans, the kilt, and 265 tartans. She tells you, for instance, that between 1746 and 1783 the English would not allow the Scots to wear their tartans because they feared

their importance as a unifying symbol. Scots who defied the ban risked losing their heads. She can determine, from a list of 4,000 names, what clan you might belong to, or what sept of a clan.

MacAulay has made kilts for political leaders such as Robert Stanfield and George Hees. She outfitted an entire Hollywood wedding party, and wove garments for Princess Margaret. She swore an oath that she'd never reveal the princess' measurements. The kilts, the tartans, the fiddling, the dancing and the language were only part of A.W.R.'s dream in 1939. But his stubbornness, and the stubbornness of Cape Breton Scots who wouldn't let go, have brought Scottish culture through indifferent years.

— Glenn Wanamaker







## What'll you find at the Antigonish Highland Games?

*Merely "the strongest men, the fastest runners, the best musicians and dancers."*

**T**he skirl of the pipes... the thump of dancers' pumps on the platform... the straining muscles of thickset men... the surge of energy as runners finish their courses. Nowhere does the vitality and energy of the Scot come so alive as at Highland games. Here, too, local residents and visitors meet and mingle, search for common roots, and admire the strongest men, the fastest runners and the best musicians and dancers.

And at the Antigonish Highland Games, held from July 15 to 17, you'll "see the games done properly" as Wilena MacInnis Penny, Games' chairman puts it. Last year 1,500 competitors took part in the games in the small rural community 140 miles (220 km) from Halifax, in eastern Nova Scotia. This Gathering is one of the few in North America that feature simultaneous piping, dancing and athletics. It is spon-

sored by the Antigonish Highland Society, which has kept alive the Scottish heritage of Nova Scotia since its founding in 1861 as the Highland Society of the County of Sydney.

Tales of ancient Celts and of clan warfare have obscured the origin of Highland games. They may have begun under the supervision of Druids with a parade, a herald, a marked-out arena, and places for important personalities. Entertainment was one reason for starting the games, but to them came chieftains and kings in search of the fittest and fleetest men.

Some events, like sword dances, done with the blades upward, surprised the invading Romans as far back as AD 54. The dance of the crossed swords, the *Ghillie Callum*, originated when Malcolm Canmore fought and slew one of Macbeth's chiefs near Dunsinane. He formed a cross on the ground by plac-

ing his weapon over his opponent's, and then danced triumphantly over them. The tune of the *Ghillie Callum*, the story goes, was composed to mock Canmore's tax collectors.

For centuries the Scots have danced for the sheer joy of it, but many factors have influenced Highland dances. The Norsemen made contributions, as did French ballet when Mary was Queen of Scots. And the Highland fling may have been inspired by the tossing antlers of the stag.

Only over the last two hundred years has it been possible to sort out fact from fancy in the history of Highland games. After the 1745 Rising, the English attempted to stamp out the warlike tendencies of the clans and to ban what they considered their barbarous customs, including the playing of the bagpipes. But toward the end of the 18th century, the Scots began to gather for piping competitions. Dancing took place in the breaks between the playing of the pipes.

The first Highland Society gathering took place in 1781, at Falkirk, just 10 years before the first Highland settlers landed in Nova Scotia. In the 19th century, Highland games spread throughout Scotland, and the Scots carried the memories of them with them as they migrated to distant lands. The games' prestige reached new heights when Queen Victoria took an interest in them.





the games, Lieutenant Governor H.P. McKeen said, "The Games are symbolic of Nova Scotia's heritage, along with other characteristics including romanticism, love of learning, sense of honor and patriotism, the love of combat, whether physical or mental."

The Antigonish Highland Games run for three days and include Highland dancing and piping competitions, "heavy events" (putting the stone) and "light events" (running and jumping). Tossing the caber, a heavy pole, requires not only strength but co-ordination, as does the throwing of the ancient hammer and the hurling of 26- and 56-pound weights. While the games run from July 15 to 17, a Special Clans' Day has been organized for Sunday, July 10. The

"Gatherings" are now a feature of many communities throughout Scotland, and those at Braemar are under royal patronage.

The first traditional games in North America took place on Prince Edward Island in 1838, when the Caledonian Club held a Highland gathering. Around the middle of the last century, Highland games became the rage in the United States, with Boston holding its first event in 1853 and Brooklyn hosting one in 1867. At least 100 Scottish societies in the eastern United States staged Highland games, and they had an important influence on the early development of track and field athletics. But as amateur sports increased in importance, the games, with their demands for professionalism, slowly lost their appeal. They came to be viewed as "the ethnic custom of a minority immigrant group."

This did not happen in Canada.

The games in Antigonish began on October 18, 1863, on "Apple Tree Island, the beautiful ground of W.C. Hierlhy." The amusements were restricted to the members of the Highland Society and their guests. Two years later the games attracted 2,000 people, and in the following year they began with all members of the society dancing the Highland reel.

When the Antigonish Highland Society celebrated the 100th anniversary of

Federation of Scottish Clans in Nova Scotia plans a marchpast, the Kirking of the Tartans, clan meetings and other events.

The games open officially at 8:30 p.m. on Friday, July 15, at Columbus Field, after a Pipe Band Parade down Antigonish's Main Street. They end at 4 p.m. on Sunday, July 17, with a Massed Pipe Band Display and the presentation of awards. An area has been set aside on the west side of Columbus Field as the Field of the Clans, and here they will set up hospitality tents. A number of championships are planned for this year. With many people in Highland dress, Columbus Field becomes a swirling panorama of color and action. Out of all this emerges a renewed sense of community as the events of Old Scotland are enlivened with the best that New Scotland has to offer.



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# Was Glooscap really a Scot?

**S**uperman was Clark Kent, but the Micmac superman Glooscap was a Scottish warrior named Henry Sinclair who wintered in Nova Scotia almost a century before Columbus "discovered" America. That, at least, is the fascinating theory of historian Frederick J. Pohl, who explained it in *Atlantic Crossings Before Columbus*, published in 1961. Not all historians agreed with Pohl, but he made a highly convincing case that this blond, sea-going Scot — born at Roslin Castle near Edinburgh in 1345 — not only wandered about mainland Nova Scotia in 1398 but also lived among the Micmacs long enough to be remembered through centuries as the man-god Glooscap. Most Nova Scotians date the arrival of the Scots either from Sir William Alexander's abortive settlement at Port Royal in 1629, or from the landing of Highlanders from the immigrant ship *Hector* in Pictou County in 1773; but, if Pohl was right, Sinclair beat Sir William by 231 years and the *Hector* by 375 years.

Sinclair was fighting in the Faeroe Islands, which were part of his earldom, in 1390, when he heard that a ship had been wrecked and, since shipwrecks were fair game for pillage at the time, the local fishermen were attacking the crew. Sinclair rescued the mariners and discovered they were Venetians. Their commander, Nicolo Zeno, was a brother of the most famous admiral of the time, Carlo Zeno. Sinclair hoped to dominate the northern seas, and promptly appointed Nicolo commander of his fleet. After his death, Sinclair appointed another Zeno brother, Antonio, as fleet commander. Nicolo and Antonio used to write to Carlo, "The Lion," in Venice, and this correspondence was published in 1558 by a great-great-great grandson of Antonio. Historians call it the Zeno Document, and it is a basic source for Pohl's intriguing account.

The Zeno Document reports that as far back as 1371, four fishing boats — the fishermen were Sinclair's subjects — were blown so far out to sea that they eventually came ashore on land that was probably Newfoundland. They spent more than 20 years on the island, and apparently on lands to the south, and then one of them made contact with some European fishermen and managed to return to the Faeroes. Sinclair decided to explore these new lands and set sail around April 1, 1398. His fleet consisted of 13 little vessels, two of them driven by oars. The Zeno Document suggests he tried to land at Newfoundland but was driven off by natives, and then

sailed into Chedabucto Bay. It seems he dropped anchor on June 1 in Guysborough harbor.

Sinclair then sent 100 soldiers to explore the source of smoke they could see swirling above a distant hill. The soldiers reported back that "the smoke was a natural thing proceeding from a great fire in the bottom of a hill, and that there was a spring from which issued a certain substance like pitch, which ran into the sea, and that thereabouts dwelt a great many people, half-wild, and living in caves. They were of small stature and very timid." Geographical detective work, archeology, modern science and various documents seem to pinpoint the burning hill as the asphalt area at Stellarton, about 50 miles direct from the head of Guysborough harbor.

The Scot liked the soil, the rivers, even the air, and wanted to found a settlement. Most of his party went home, but he kept some men with him, and the two oar-powered boats. They probably had a square sail each, like the vessels the Vikings had used to cross to Newfoundland. They were good for exploring rivers and coasts, and he took them through the Strait of Canso to meet the Indians at Pictou which, centuries later, would be the North American disembarkation point for tens upon thousands of his countrymen.

He apparently persuaded some Micmacs to act as guides in his exploration of what he first thought to be an island. The narrow isthmus at Baie Verte changed his mind. It was navigable by canoe to Cumberland Basin with a port-

age of only three miles.

The trip along River Hebert towards Parrsboro included only one portage of just 400 yards in the 22 miles. Sinclair may then have travelled on to Annapolis Basin and across the Micmac canoe route to Liverpool. By October, he was back on Green Hill, southwest of Pictou harbor, to attend a gathering of the Micmacs.

"Twas the time for holding the great and yearly feast with dancing and merry games."

Next, he doubled back to Spencer Island, Minas Channel, and did some hunting. The meat of the animals was sliced and dried. The bones were chopped up and boiled in a big iron pot to extract the marrow. His winter campsite was on the high promontory of Cap d'Or overlooking Advocate harbor. During the winter, the expedition built a ship and, when spring arrived, Sinclair sailed away from Nova Scotia for ever.

His ancestry was a mixture of Norman, French, Norwegian and Scottish. The first Sinclair known in what is now the United Kingdom had arrived with William the Conqueror in 1066. Sinclair's grandfather, a friend of Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, died fighting the Saracens in Spain in 1330. His father, Sir William Sinclair, also died in battle while fighting the Lithuanians from a base in Prussia in 1358. Henry was 13 at the time. He was trained in martial exercises with sword, spear, bow and arrow. He spoke Latin and French and became a knight at 21. His first wife, who died young, was the great-granddaughter of King Magnus of Sweden and Norway. His second wife, Janet Holyburton of Dirleton Castle, bore him three sons and three daughters.

Sinclair was installed as the Earl of Orkney and Lord of Shetland when he







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was only 24. The earldom included the Faeroes, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, more than 170 islands. Fifty-three were inhabited and, in all, they extended across 170 miles of ocean. The islands were a kind of buffer state between Scotland and Norway, and were an extremely difficult empire to control. Sinclair held his appointment at the pleasure of King Hakon VI of Norway, and Norway had controlled the islands since the ninth century. But as an earl or "jarl" he was next to royalty himself. He had authority to stamp coins, make laws, remit crimes, wear a crown, and have a sword carried before him. He had already been rewarded by King David of Scotland, for a successful raid into England, with the title of Lord Sinclair and the position of Lord Chief Justice of Scotland. Sinclair excelled in a furious time.

Before he was 35, he had built up a fleet larger than Norway's, and Norway was by then hard-pressed to defend itself from Baltic pirates. Still, he brooded over his lack of guns, the new technology developed among naval powers in the Mediterranean area. A decade later, the fisherman who had survived Newfoundland, or some other strange land in the west for 20 years, arrived back in Sinclair's islands and the Zenos had begun to work for him. It was time to investigate the mysteries beyond the western horizon.



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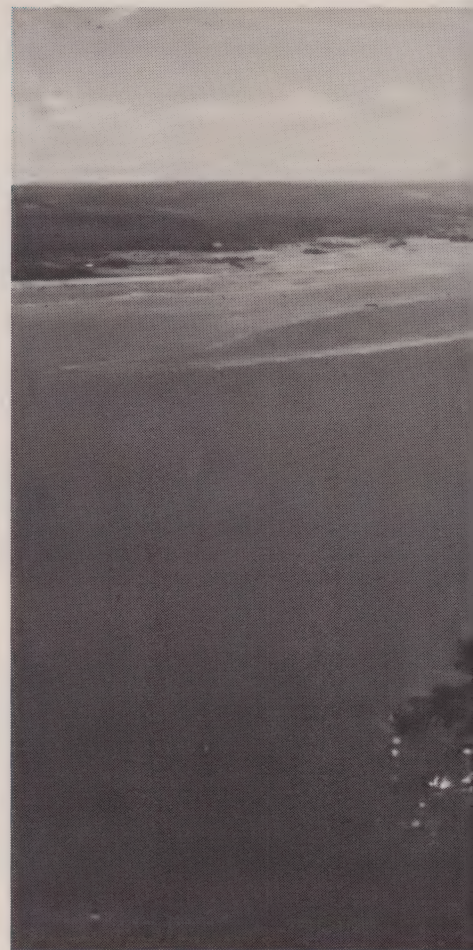
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Support for the Zeno Document's account of Sinclair's itinerary in 1398 lies in Silas Tertius Rand's *Legends of the Micmacs*. Rand, a Baptist missionary from the Annapolis Valley, was an intriguing story in his own right. He knew Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Maliseet, Micmac, Mohawk, and half a dozen other tongues as well. From 1846 to 1886, he served as a missionary to the Indians of the Maritimes and, during those four decades, he wrote down the famous *Legends*, compiled an English-Micmac dictionary of 40,000 words, and translated most of the Bible into Micmac. He was self-educated, and he saved an entire oral literature and language from probable oblivion.

We learn from Rand and from Charles Leland, a contemporary in New England, that Glooscap, like Sinclair, was "a leader who came from the east, far across the great sea." He was a prince. He was a king who sailed the seas. His home was in a large town on an island. He came with many soldiers. He came across the ocean via Newfoundland, and he first met the Micmacs at Pictou. His chief weapon was "a sword of sharpness." He had three daughters. His character was unusual. The Micmacs described Glooscap as "sober, grave and good. He seemed to have been on the whole a noble-minded, generous sort of personage. You do not often meet with any mischievous exercise of his power.

Strangers were always welcome to his wigwam, and the necessitous never failed to share in his hospitality — until some act of treachery on their part or some distrust of his ability called for castigation." Sinclair, according to the Zeno Document, had similar qualities of character. He was "a prince as worthy of immortal memory as any that ever lived, for his great bravery and remarkable goodness."

Glooscap-Sinclair explored Nova Scotia extensively. He slept for six months in the wigwam of a giant named Winter. He stayed only from one sailing season to the next. The prince had "made long trips across the ocean on the backs of whales [Micmac imagery for decked ships]." He was entertained by the playing of flutes. He possessed money, iron and a store. His men built a roaring fire in the wigwam and by midnight it was all out. (The Micmacs were critical of the European's wasteful use of fire.) He spoke of angels and devils, and he owned a prayer book. "He looked and lived like other men. He ate, drank, smoked, slept and danced along with them."

The name Glooscap or Kuloskap means "the liar." He is called the deceiver, "not because he deceives man, but because he is clever enough to lead his enemies astray, the highest possible virtue to the early American mind." His enemies were darkness, night and a ser-

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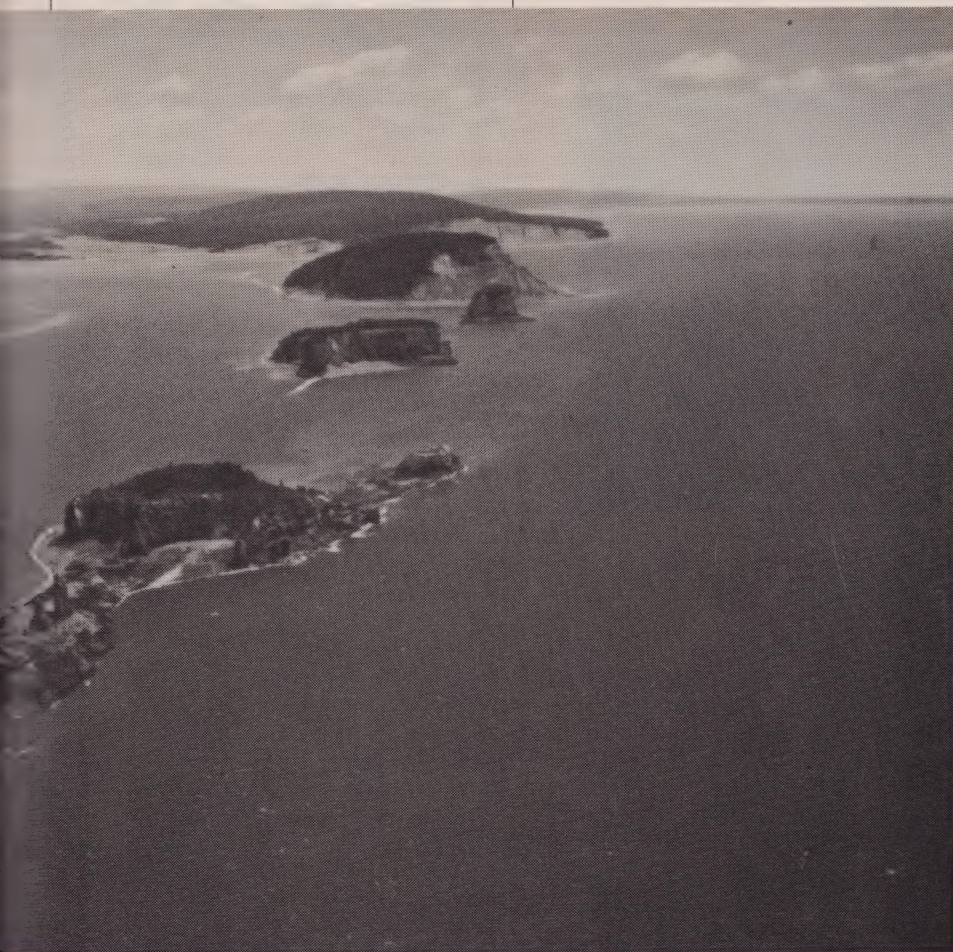
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pent that represented storm, rains and the water. These he "conquers not by brute force but by craft and ruses." The Glooscap legend spread for 1,000 miles among all the other Algonquin tribes. Its location is always Nova Scotia. *Kuloskap the Master and Other Algonquin Poems* includes these lines:

*Kuloskap was first  
First and greatest  
To come into our land —  
Into Nova Scotia.  
When the Master left Uktakumkuk,  
Called by the English Newfoundland,  
He went to Pitlook or Pictou  
Which means the rising of bubbles  
Because at that place the water  
Is very strangely moving.  
There he found an Indian village  
A town of a hundred wigwams.  
Kuloskap, being a handsome  
And very stately warrior  
With the air of a great chief,  
Was greatly admired by all  
Especially the women;  
So that everyone felt honored  
Whose wigwam he deigned to enter.*

In the spring of 1399, the Micmacs visited Glooscap at his campsite. They looked for his canoe, "but near the shore there is a small rocky island with trees growing on it." He had built a ship, probably with two masts and 40 to 50 feet in length. "They go on board, set sail, and find the floating island very manageable as a canoe. It goes like magic."

It seemed "He could do anything and everything."

*He invited all to a parting banquet  
By the great Lake Minas shore  
On the silver waters edge  
And when the feast was over,  
Entered his great canoe  
And sailed away over the water,  
The shining waves of Minas;  
And they looked in silence at him  
Until they could see him no more,  
Yet, after they ceased to behold him  
They still heard his voice in song,  
The wonderful voice of the Master,  
But the sounds grew fainter and fainter,  
And softer in the distance  
Till at last they died away.*

To the Micmacs, the sound of the chanting song as the ship set sail was "Nemajelchk, Numeedich" repeated three times. It is possible that what they heard was the refrain of an old Norse sea chantey: "Nu mo jag, nu mo deg" which means "Now must I, Now must You" or, very loosely, yo ho heave ho, yo ho heave ho. Sinclair apparently cleared the Bay of Fundy and landed at Westford, Mass., for a while. He returned to the Orkneys and in the year 1400, died in battle while defending his kingdom against the invading English.

The legends were retold around the campfires and in the wigwams and lodges of the Micmacs and other tribes, and they grew to give Glooscap the stature of a superman. He gained won-



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drous powers, and achieved glorious exploits. It seems that one of his favorite wigwam sites was the top of Cape Blomidon, and from its 400-foot elevation he enjoyed a lordly view of Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy.

The beavers, who were large in those days, had a three-mile dam from Blomidon to the Cumberland shore. Their construction reached a crisis point when the dam flooded out Glooscap's medicine garden at Advocate harbor. He arose in wrath, breached the dam with a missile-like arrow from his mighty bow and hurled huge rocks at the fleeing beaver. Some of the boulders soared over Minas Basin for nine or 10 miles before they splashed down along the Economy shore. Ever since they have been visible — despite 50-foot tides — as the Five Islands. Henry Sinclair, was one of your mightier Scots.



# CEISD?

**The Clan Information Centre will be open from June 1 to August 20, 1983**

For further information on the International Gathering of the Clans Events and Activities, drop in to the Clan Centre, Barrington Place, Halifax, or call 423-1983.

International Gathering of the Clans registration for visitors and participants will take place on an ongoing basis at the Clan Centre in Halifax, and at the Gaelic College, St. Ann's, Cape Breton.

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# Master of the Tattoo

*The Nova Scotia Tattoo is "the biggest indoor show ever staged in Canada" and this year it honors both the Loyalist and the Scottish traditions in the province's history. The backstage tough guy who pulls it all together is Colonel Ian Fraser. Naturally, he's a Nova Scotia Scot*

Ian Fraser just wanted to be a damn good soldier. It was never his idea to become a theatre producer with stripes, a gold-braid impresario, a backstage martinet, the leader of those who experienced not the smell of gunpower and the roar of battle but the smell of greasepaint and the roar of the crowd. No sir, he never dreamed he'd end his good, long military career as the field commander of costume makers, lighting experts, barbershop quartets, folk dancers and eight-year-old gymnasts. But here he is at 50, the father of two grown-up daughters, a colonel, a career soldier who's done stunts in such hot spots as Cyprus, knows precisely what he must do the moment the Third World War begins, once commanded the elite Canadian Airborne Regiment and has more than 200 parachute jumps to his credit, and what's he doing? He's spending the days and nights of his life fretting over such matters as how to pull off stage extravaganzas to thrill tens of thousands of men, women and kiddies.

How come?

Well, Fraser happens to be the producer, director, and not-so-benevolent dictator of the Nova Scotia Tattoo. It's the biggest indoor show ever staged in Canada. Its theme this year is "The Gathering of The Clans and the Loyalist Tradition," and if the show is even half as good as the productions that earned him the label "Canada's military tattoo specialist," it'll be a thundering, glittering, foot-stomping, sellout success.

That's Fraser's whole problem. He is simply so good at the rare business of marrying theatrical technique to military precision that he cannot escape his fate as the field marshal of live entertainment in the Canadian Armed Forces. Earlier this summer, as the horrendous artistic and logistical problems of mounting the eighth gigantic tattoo of his life swarmed over him, he bared his square, even teeth in a big grin and said, "If you know you're going to get raped, you might as well make up your mind to enjoy it."

That's a typical Ian Fraser wisecrack. He loves the army. He understands the army. He knows how to make the army work for him but he also knows that the army, like God, still moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. He is too smart not to know these ways are sometimes hilarious, and the result is that Ian Fraser may just be among Canada's least reverent senior army officers. He has the air of the practical joker about him. While dressing down a trembling young officer-cadet for some minor infraction, he's been known to pause, glower, steam with solemn rage, then shout to his outer office, "Sergeant, have we received a reply from Ottawa yet on my request to have flogging reinstated in the Canadian army?"

A retired brigadier says Fraser has "a demanding nature and a very fertile imagination," and when the tattoo king of Canada dreamed up his annual raids on the home of Fredericton poet Alden Nowlan he demonstrated both. As commanding officer, 2nd Battalion, Gagetown, N.B., it was the painful duty of him and less playful officers to dress up every New Year's morning and attend the lieutenant-governor's official levee in Fredericton. But Fraser, with a straight face, persuaded his fellow officers that since Fredericton was officially "the poet's corner of Canada," and since Alden Nowlan was officially the writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick, protocol demanded they attend Nowlan's levee as well. Which they

A thundering, glittering, foot-stomping success



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DAVID NICHOLS

Fraser "rubs some people the wrong way"

did. Every New Year's morning for years. The joke became a tradition. Nowlan, who has high respect for Fraser as both a drinking buddy and authority on military history, usually presided in his pyjamas.

Fraser is trim, chunky, cocky, irrepressible. His hair is straight, stringy, grey, his glasses silver-rimmed, his manner so full of gee-whiz enthusiasm that, if he had a squeaky voice, you might mistake him for hockey commentator Howie Meeker. His strut has less to do with self-importance than with energy. "I have to keep busy," he says. "If I'm not busy, I get treasonous. I tend to get into trouble." If it's true that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, then Fraser could not have asked for better protection from evil than regular orders to whip tattoos into shape. Each show has a cast of more than 700 and, as just one example of the ordnance challenge, the lighting for the 1980 tattoo required the introduction to the Halifax Metro Centre of no less than eight miles of special cable.

Tattoos were not always spectacles. The word comes from the Dutch *taptoe*, meaning "turn off the tap on the cask," or, more loosely, "shut up." By the 17th century, it had come to mean a distinctive drum beat in the evening to order soldiers out of taverns and into their garrisons. Variations of the word popped up in armies all over Europe, and its intention was already clear in 1644 when a British colonel made this ruling: "If anyone shall be found tiplinge or drinke in any Taverne, Inne or Alehouse after the hour of nyne of the clock at night, when the Tap-too beates, hee shall pay 2s 6."

A tattoo, in short, was simply a drum's way of announcing, "Time,

lighting, swirling costumes, sound effects, props, fantasy, and even such gimmicks as dry-ice mist. He gave each tattoo a historical theme that meant more to most audiences than the old hup-two-three and oom-pah-pah but, at the same time, his tattoos never lost their military flavor. The results, he insists with becoming immodesty, are the world's best tattoos. They are popular entertainment aimed not at culture-vultures but at "the sort of guy who'd take the wife and kids out to watch a street parade. That's the type of cat we're reaching, and that's 90% of the population."

When Fraser brags, he's bragging not for himself but for the army. "I don't think for one second," he says, "that anyone but the military could pull off one of these shows. . . . The great thing about the military is that you never have to tell anyone twice that something has to be done. They're also intensely loyal. They're not out for themselves. They're great team people. . . . We took on the '79 tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans on almost no notice. We worked day and night for more than four months. We never stopped."

Fraser was only 27, a platoon commander with the 2nd Battalion, The Black Watch, Gaagetown, N.B., when he took on his first tattoo. He remembers that "an incredible brigadier, one of the greatest military brains I've ever met, decided in '59 that he wanted to put on a historical military pageant in the Lady Beaverbrook rink in Fredericton. His name was Bob Moncel, and he wanted this production to raise money for IODE charities up there." Fraser had been supplementing his army pay by writing CBC radio plays — including a series about a Nova Scotia village which boasted not only numerous drunkards but also "the

gents. Drink up." By the 18th century, however, it had become something more. In 1742, when English author Horace Walpole said, "One loves a review and a tattoo," he was thinking of what the Oxford dictionary calls "a military entertainment consisting of an elaboration of the tattoo by extra music and performance of exercises by troops, generally at night and by torch or other artificial light."

The modern, Canadian, Ian Fraser contribution to all this was to complement the military show with a pit band, dramatic

Sir John A. Macdonald chapter" of the temperance society — and Moncel had heard a couple. That slender connection to show biz was enough for him. Young Fraser, he decided, was just the chap to produce the tattoo. Moreover, it didn't hurt Fraser's chance at all that, while earning his BA at Acadia University, he'd majored in history and English. (Halifax-born and New Glasgow-bred, Fraser only joined the army after discovering that, if he did, it would pay his way through Acadia.)

It was Moncel who dreamed up the formula for jazzed-up tattoos that Ian Fraser has been using off and on for 22 years, not only to earn thunderous applause for the armed forces but also to arouse pride of country among Canadians from coast to coast. That first tattoo was called "Soldiers of the Queen," and it was a local smash hit. Even so worldly a critic as Lord Beaverbrook loved it.

The army remembered.

In 1962 when Fraser was a machine-gun instructor at Camp Borden, it fingered him to team up with the RCMP Musical Ride to produce "The Canadian Tattoo" at the Seattle World's Fair. The show was to occur on a clay football field, but exactly one day before opening night, heavy rain had turned the field into a foot-deep quagmire. With the bluff, bravado, and bulldozing that would later earn Fraser enemies in Halifax, he persuaded the Fair's American brass to pave the entire field within 24 hours. This feat made the front page of *Variety* magazine, and the tattoo turned out to be the most popular show of the entire fair. "Its theme was that Canada was neither French nor English but a combination of the best of both," Fraser recalls. For only a second, he looks uncharacteristically sad. "We actually believed that then."

By 1964, Fraser was at the Defence Services Staff College, Nilgiris, South India. He'd had enough of show business and when word came that he must now do or die in the cause of a gargantuan tattoo to celebrate Canada's coming centennial, he wrote a long letter in which he tried to refuse the assignment. (Sometimes, even among the military, one apparently does have to ask twice to get a man to do something.) The letter didn't work. His superior officer, the boss of all armed forces centennial-year demonstrations, was Brig. Charles Andrew Peck of Hillsborough, N.B. "I just told him that this was the kind of show we wanted," Peck recalls. "Then I left him alone, and let him go to it."

But first, Peck and Fraser toured Europe, picking brains of tattoo authorities in London, Edinburgh, France, Italy. What Fraser eventually came up with, Peck now says, "was better than any of them." Fraser, for his part, is still grateful to Peck for stoutly resisting pressure from Canadians who



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DAVID NICHOLS

A long way from "Time, gentlemen"

feared mere Canadians would bungle the job and therefore wanted to get British experts to run Canada's tattoo.

In the end, Fraser and friends made the Greatest Show on Earth look like a two-bit carnival. Their tattoo was easily the biggest chunk of live entertainment in the history of Canada, and those who remember the sweet optimism of 1967 will also remember the triumph of the tattoo, the special trains and trucks that criss-crossed prairies and valleys, snaked beside rivers and coasts, brought small, medium, large and massive versions of the show to a nation that suddenly had a century to celebrate. "We sold out everywhere," Fraser recalls. "We probably engendered more pride and patriotism than anything we'd done since the Second World War."

Fraser, of course, was at Expo '67 on the night of July 1 when 1,700 performers from the various travelling tattoos got together for the mightiest tattoo of all. "Jesus," he recalls, "the audience response was just mind-boggling. . . . There were 500 musicians in the finale and, at the end, you could hear this huge, strange, human noise. It was like a great humming, but it was really tens of thousands of Canadians, all on their feet and all singing, 'O Canada.' You couldn't make out the words because they were singing in two languages. . . . I tell you, we may not have been a nation since, but we sure as hell were a nation that night."

As '67 died, the tattoo died. For 11 happy years, Ian Fraser revelled in soldiering. In the mid-Seventies, he commanded the crack Canadian Airborne Regiment. He never loved work more: "You got paid for climbing mountains and skiing. They were incredible soldiers. They'd do anything, try anything. They were tough as nails, and they had great *esprit*." Desk-bound in Halifax now, tattoo-bound yet again, he says, "My military career really stopped when I left the Airborne Regiment. There's a bond

there, and once you're taken away from it you really tend to miss it."

It was shortly after he arrived at Maritime Command in 1978 that "a chap comes in and says, 'I'm going to do a tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans next summer and I'll need your help.' I listened to this guy talk, and I got this ominous feeling that something familiar was going to happen to me." Sure enough, the word came down from the top: *Col. Fraser, it's time you did another tattoo.* In the hectic spring of '79, Fraser taught some Halifax bureaucrats just how overbearing a determined colonel could be. "I wasn't going to let anyone stand in my way," he cheerily recalls. "I was going rough shod over everyone. I made a lot of enemies."

Keith Lewis, general manager of the Metro Centre, remembers only too well: "He wanted to have a certain amount of lighting and stage installed by a certain date, but the building simply wasn't available. We had a national convention of nurses and dieticians here, and we had to tell him the building was already rented. Well, he wouldn't take that. He went to the provincial government, and they brought in the nurses, and there was a compromise. The province paid the nurses for a certain amount of inconvenience. It cost the taxpayers a small fortune. . . . Well then he sort of cheated. He had men in there working while the convention was still on, and the nurses complained to us. . . . He gets his way by barrelling through. . . . Having spent 20 years in the service myself, I'm accustomed to that sort of man. I was going to say he has a complete disregard for the wants and concerns of others, but that's a little harsh. . . . let's just say he gets the job done but he rubs many the wrong way."

He didn't rub Louis Stephen the wrong way, however. The tattoos in Halifax are offspring of a unique marriage between National Defence and the

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Nova Scotia government, and Stephen was the senior provincial bureaucrat in the partnership. Yes, he conceded, Fraser did "a lot of things people didn't particularly like in '79 but he got the job so late he had to charge up the hill like Teddy Roosevelt. And he did it. He's a doer. He sets himself a crucial path, and he sticks to it. He's businesslike." He also freely shares the glory of his tattoo with other officers, such as the production manager, Major George Tibbetts; civilians, such as chief designer Robert Doyle; and, indeed, literally hundreds of other military and civilians who, every spring and summer now, hurl themselves into the production frenzy. As nerves fray and tempers explode, Fraser tells them, "You can hate me for five minutes."

Unlike tattoos the rest of the world over, the Nova Scotia productions use civilians both backstage and as singers, dancers, actors, gymnasts, musicians. Fraser somehow gets them working so smoothly with the military performers that the tattoos invariably sell out, win raves. Harry Flemming, a Halifax journalist not normally given to gushing enthusiasm, had this to say: "The Nova Scotia Tattoo 1980 is, quite simply, the best of its kind I've ever seen, and that includes the world-renowned Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Col. Fraser has outdone himself. It's hard to see how he and the hundreds of others who've worked under his direction can possibly top their current efforts. I just want to be there when they try."

They'll be trying June 27 to 30 at the Halifax Metro Centre, and it shouldn't surprise anyone to hear that the pushy tattoo-master of Canada has a couple of tricks up his striped sleeve that no tattoo, anywhere, has ever dared attempt. As every damn good soldier knows, nothing beats a surprise attack.



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